

True Mates

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True Mates

by [asarcasticwitch](#)

Summary

True mates. Every werewolf has one. However, many go years before finding theirs or, more often than not, they never find them at all.

A true mate to a wolf is the human equivalent to, let's say, a soul mate or the one. Except it's a bit more complicated than that—of course it is, nothings ever simple in the world of the supernatural.

Notes

Okay, so, I have no idea where I am going with this if I'm to be honest. I just woke up this morning with a plan, and everything just flowed out at once—I'm just going to roll with it!

This is my very first Teen Wolf fic. I started my page with Gotham in mind, but Teen Wolf is probably going to be what I actually post—I just have so many more ideas for fiction in this fandom, so I'll probably stick with it for a while.

As I will say in all my fics, please don't expect magic with regards to the writing standard. There is no doubt a hell of a lot of mistakes and errors in here as I'm doing all editing myself or using Grammarly where I can. I'm not great with punctuation and grammar or picking and sticking with either past or present tense—and don't get me started on the first and third person, hells teeth.

I will put any warning in the notes for each chapter (if any are relevant) so everyone knows what to expect.

One thing I do want to mention right off the bat though is that Stiles starts off as 16 in this fic. However, I have not tagged underage because from where I am in the UK; 16 is the age of consent. I know it is not like that everywhere—I think quite a few places in the US are 18—so if this bothers you, just keep an eye out each chapter as I will warn you again when things start to heat up. I just wanted to put it as a warning before we start for those of you who have different laws or beliefs.

Anyhoo, that's enough of my blabbering (I promise the notes won't be this long again—I just wanted to make sure I covered everything).

I really hope you enjoy this!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

A mate is a gift from Mother Moon herself—or so Laura had always told him. She believed that to find your true mate is the single most spectacular phenomenon known to wolf kind.

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

True mates. Every werewolf has one. However, many go years before finding theirs or, more often than not, they never find them at all.

A true mate to a wolf is the human equivalent to, let's say, a soul mate or *the one*. Except it's a bit more complicated than that—of course it is, nothings ever simple in the world of the supernatural.

~

True mates can be a wolf, witch, druid or, on rare occasions, even a human. Finding out your true mate is also a wolf, is somewhat like winning the lottery. While it's not as unique as getting all your numbers to match up, the prize is of the same calibre.

As wolves, you'd both on the same page regarding instinct, ritual and tradition, as well as both of you having at least a little knowledge about what the whole phenomenon entails. So, it would all just fall into place, much like second nature—simple.

However, magic wielders and humans are a bit more of a pain in the ass.

A wolf will never discriminate the race of their true mate. They more than likely have been lectured most of their lives on the *absolute privilege* it is to actually manage to find a mate, no matter who or what they are, so they don't really have it in their nature to be picky about it. *But* it's still widely known within the supernatural world that, humans especially, can be a bit more challenging to acknowledge as a true mate.

The first reason being is that humans generally don't know about the supernatural (except the rare few who do end up as wolf mates, or, of course, hunters).

While there are humans out there who know the glimmer of truth regarding the mythical creatures who star in their favourite bedtime stories, they usually either end up being bitten and turned or, well, dead. Okay, bit morbid, but it isn't very often you come across a random human who knows the ins and outs of the supernatural world unless they are related to or in some sort of relationship with a creature.

Humans are simple beings. They only see what is directly in front of them—everything's in black and white. So, if they can't explain it or don't fancy admitting there's something out there which is, God's forbid, *different* then they don't usually want to know. Therein lies the obstacle. Humans are so damn stubborn and trying to tell them that not only are you a werewolf, but they are also your true mate, is like pulling teeth.

With witches and druids, they already know about the supernatural, so that's not much of an issue. Most of them also have expert knowledge (especially druids) on all there is to know about werewolves.

Druids can be trained as pack emissaries, so a big chunk of their training is finding out the best ways to work alongside the Alpha and what steps can be taken to make a pack strong.

Mates can be very advantageous in a pack, true mates even more so. The bond is unbreakable, so as long as two mates stay alive, there will always be a pack, no matter how small. Therefore, druids usually know what to expect if a wolf ever approached them saying; "you're the one".

Witches who don't know about true mates are a bit harder to convince.

However, it can be seen as a plus that they don't run away screaming, or shit themselves when you show a bit of fang. So, they are, at the very least, a bit more susceptible to listening to your explanation. Considering they are already aware that you turn into a huge hairy beast under the full moon, nothing beyond that has much hope of surprising them.

Non-wolves do all have one thing in common when it comes to mates, though. The last reason for them being a bit more of a problem to mate with is simply because they just don't share the same instincts.

Witches, druids and humans do share the bond and have urges the same as the wolf, but only *after* they have been claimed and mated. It's like once the ritual has been complete, the wolf passes everything they are feeling through an invisible cord. The protectiveness, possessiveness and pure love all gets passed between them, so it leaves no room for debate that they are both one hundred per cent committed to the bonding.

It's the getting to the claimed and mated stage that's the hard bit though. Trying to explain to a human that once mated, they will be passed such strong feelings and emotions through a non-existent wire that they won't even think about the possibility of ever being in a relationship with another ever again is a bit of a touchy subject.

Wolves mate for life. Unlike with humans and their fickle emotions where they can pick up and drop off marriage after marriage with no care in the world, wolves don't have that luxury. It's in their instincts. Once they pick a mate and the claiming has taken place that's them tied for the rest of their days—'til death us do part is no joke.

Before the claiming, however, that's a different story. They are quite welcome to rut with anything and everything to their heart's content (wolves are insatiable when it comes to lust, so they can be rather promiscuous creatures) but as soon as that claiming bite is bestowed upon their mate's neck, that's it. No divorce, no cheating and definitely no; "*I think we should just take a break and maybe see other people*". Nuh-uh, nope.

Humans and magic users aren't always eager to commit to *forever*. For a wolf, it's just in their nature. It's as regular an occurrence as brushing your teeth in the morning. Therefore, more often than not, wolf/non-wolf relations usually end after a few months, or maybe even years, simply because the non-wolf isn't willing to give up their forever—even for the promise of unconditional

love.

There is an exception to the mates for life situation—of course, there's an exception. When or *if* a wolf claims a mate who is not their true mate and later on in life happens to stumble upon them, in this instance, they can sever their current bond in favour of claiming their true mate, if they so choose.

This rarely happens. While some wolves believe a true mate to be the "*most wonderful thing in the world*", most are just as content with being tied to someone they love, true mate or no.

There are, of course, more reasons as to why true mates are more complicated than the mortal ideation of 'soul mates' and it's mostly all down to the behavioural traits of a wolf.

Once a wolf finds their special one, their instincts kick in to fiercely protect said individual with every fibre of their being. So much so, that even the most innocent of touches from another can send the were into a possessive frenzy. It can get quite messy.

Most wolves are more in control than the old tomes and stories give them credit for though. They still get the urges to *protectbreedclaim*, but as evolution has progressed, they have become less aggressive in their ways.

A born werewolf has more control than a bitten werewolf. The main reason being is that born wolves grow up having been educated from day dot on every segment of knowledge known of their kind. Most grow up amongst large families containing other wolves, so born weres know the ins and outs of every bit of lore and every tradition that comes with the gift. Therefore, if there is something missed out or forgotten, most born wolves have the luxury of obtaining anything they need to know from their other wolf family members. A luxury that a majority of bitten wolves don't have.

Of course, bitten wolves are, more often than not, welcomed into the pack of the wolf who bites them. But, depending on the age of the human when bitten, it can mean years of knowledge is needed to be drummed into one being within a short space of time. Things like true mates usually get overlooked to make room for more important things. For example; "*try not to go crazy in public and kill every human in sight*". Y'know, priorities.

So, while born wolves know even the bare minimum about what to expect when finding their true mate, bitten wolves usually panic. They don't exactly know what is happening to them and; "*why the fuck do I feel the need to maul that random stranger and sink my teeth into their throat?*" So, sometimes, it can go a bit haywire.

If a bitten wolf comes across their true mate and, Mother Moon forbid, said mate is already joined with another, well, let's just say, that sort of situation can be less than pretty.

Wolves are possessive regarding what is theirs at the best of times, but for a wolf who doesn't know what to expect when this happens and hasn't had much time to control the urges they feel when coming across their true mates, well, this possessive trait increases tenfold.

Thankfully, it's not all doom and gloom.

Once claimed, the bond between the two true mates is immense. It is said to be the most intense feeling anyone can ever even hope of knowing. While being mated in general is a beautiful thing, being mated to your *true mate* is a million times better. You can feel their every emotion, and you are so in sync that it often seems like you are reading each other's minds. Well, not really because that would be bordering on creepy and an extreme invasion of privacy but stories are usually

exaggerated. But, you get the idea.

It is supposedly a euphorically blissful bond that only grows more and more in strength as the days go by.

The sex is also rumoured to be otherworldly, but that might just be psychological. Like when you get a new drug from the doctor, and once you read all the side effects, suddenly you begin to feel them all—that kind of thing.

People hype up the prospect of true mates to such an extent that some may or may not exaggerate the actual intensity of everything within the bond, the sex being no exception but then again, it may all be the truth.

A mate is a gift from Mother Moon herself—or so Laura had always told him. She believed that to find your true mate is the single most spectacular phenomenon known to wolf kind.

She was a romantic at heart. Not that she would ever have admitted that—she had to keep up with her badass 'eldest child of the Alpha' persona after all. However, when she was young, she always asked Mom to tell the story of how their parents had found each other and; "*how exactly does it feel to find your true mate?*" She had always insisted that under no circumstances was she to skip any of the fluffy details—definitely a romantic.

Where the storybooks seem to falter the most is the issue that once a wolf catches the scent of their true mate, they will slowly deteriorate until they have made their claim or will somehow die of melancholy if said mate rejects them.

Complete bullshit.

While it is true that a wolf will be more protective and have the urge to be close to their true mate once they have found them, they do still have every right not to pursue the individual if they so choose. That's without having a fear of withering away to an empty husk looming over their head.

Yes, if the wolf has had the chance to get to know their intended true mate or have been in their presence for more than a brief moment, they will pine for the loss of a *could have been* true mate bond. However, with time and control, every were can get over it—eventually.

A prime example of this was a situation involving one of the Hale cousins several years ago.

Emily Hale had picked up the scent of her true mate one day while in the grocery store. Some wolves go their whole lives without even getting an idea of who their true mate is but some manage to stumble across theirs while casually browsing the condiments aisle in the local store.

"*Lucky bastards*" Laura would say.

Anyways, their *beloved* cousin had scoured the whole store following the sweet and sickly scent of her one true love, before finally coming across the most beautiful human male she had ever laid eyes on (her words).

As she retold the story to the family that same afternoon, she had mentioned how she couldn't believe her luck and had steeled her trembling excitement to approach the man. She said that he worked at the store, so she had the plan to disguise her interest in him by asking for assistance and hopefully going from there. Cousin Emily was as subtle as a brick, no doubt she would have just asked the man on a date before even saying hello. Unfortunately, she hadn't gotten that far.

As she'd gotten closer to the gentleman in question, she had caught a glimpse of the name tag on

his shirt and left the store before she even had the chance to repeat what she had seen out loud.

"What the hell did you do that for? You absolute idiot!" Laura had screamed at her.

"His name was Bartholomew, Laura. How can you expect anyone to be ecstatic about screaming that amidst the throes of passion?"

And that had been way more information than eleven-year-old Derek had ever needed to hear from his cousin.

Their family home had then filled to bursting with a mixture of laughter (mostly uncle Peters) and utter fury (it's safe to say that Laura never spoke to her cousin again). But exhibit A is only one example of a wolf not pursuing the true mate that Mother Moon has deemed an appropriate match.

Cousin Emily had felt no worse off for the whole debacle (apart from maybe the initial glimmer of sadness her wolf had felt for rejecting the chance of a bond). Since she hadn't actually managed to speak to the man, the symptoms had been rather mild. In fact, she had mated a few years later to a lovely man called Evan, and she had assured them all that the name just; *"rolls off the tongue"*. Yep, Derek still hadn't needed to know that—thank you kindly.

Years later, Laura made Derek promise that he will never be as shallow as their cousin, that he'll give his mate a chance when he finds them. To take the time to get to know them if the attraction isn't there from the word go. She had always been confident that he'd find his special one, given time. She had said that Mother Moon's never wrong in her pairings and if he didn't fall helplessly in love with his match at first sight—ugh, fucking romantics—then he had to promise just to try.

He had promised. He loved—*loves*—his sister dearly, and he could never have denied her that wish. He is also confident that he'll never find his true mate, he believes he doesn't deserve that kind of bond after everything he's done, but she had been adamant that he deserves the world. So, he had given in to her childlike dreaming and promised to give it a chance when the moment presents itself.

~

Derek, unfortunately, remembers—in vivid detail—the promise he'd made to his sister years previously while currently trying to rationalise his present predicament.

He's standing with his arms crossed firmly over his chest observing a gangly, flailing teen doing fuck knows what, in the lacrosse field a few yards in front of him.

Mieczyslaw Stilinski—beat that, cousin Emily—as Derek has just come to realise, is his destined.

This pale, hyper-active and just generally annoying *boy* is whom Mother Moon believes to be Derek's perfect match. The other half of his own heart. His special one. His *true mate*.

Well, fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading—more to come soon!

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

A few had been doubtful that two wolves can successfully run the once most prestigious pack known to wolf kind and bring it back to its former glory.

Peter, however, has assured them that once everything has settled down, and they have taken adequate time to mourn their losses, they will start expanding. Meaning he will be looking to recruit more wolves into the pack or establishing new bonds, and once again the Hale pack will rise up to the strongest it has ever been.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is kind of all over the place, but its primary purpose is to give a glimpse into the background story.

Also, I absolutely frickin' adore Peter Hale, and he is a hero in my version of events, don't argue with me on this! I had initially thought to make this a Steter fic, but it just didn't fit the same. So, instead, I have settled for just making him the badass Alpha that I believe he would be—he deserves it, okay.

I will DEFINITELY be doing a Stiles/Peter story in the future because that is my jam—Sterek is a close second, but Peter and Stiles are just too cute for me to resist.

Let me know what you think so far in the comments; as I said in the first chapter, I am editing this all myself, so there is most likely a lot of mistakes, sorry in advance.

More on the way very soon!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Derek knows of Stiles as he is the only son of none other than Beacon Hill's very own Sheriff Noah Stilinski—that's right, *Sheriff*. Someone must be seriously laughing at Derek right now.

He has never officially met the teen (obviously, otherwise the situation happening right at this very moment would have happened way before now) but he has seen a photograph. Albeit, it had been of a boy much younger than the one uncoordinatedly prancing around the lacrosse field in front of him right now, but it's definitely the boy all the same.

Derek would like to say that he's grown out of his cheeky, childish demeanour, the one that even a blind man could have noticed in the photo he had been shown, but it doesn't seem to be the case. For all intents and purposes, Stiles still acts and displays himself as the same mischievous and overactive youth Derek had looked upon years ago—just great

Why he had been shown the picture in the first place, Derek can't fucking remember. It had probably been crucial at the time, but it isn't really something he gives an ounce of a shit about

right now. However, it definitely made it quicker for him to identify the stranger who'd caused his wolf to go absolutely ape shit the very moment he'd taken the short cut through the field back to his old family home.

~

After a fire had burned down the Hale house when Derek was just sixteen years old, he had left Beacon Hills for a while with his older sister Laura.

They had been gone for roughly six years before Laura heard word that they weren't the only two Hales who had survived the fire (as they had initially believed).

A letter she had received from an unknown source detailing the whereabouts of their uncle Peter Hale and younger sister Cora Hale brought them rushing back to Beacon Hills only six months ago.

Unfortunately, because of their impatience to uncover whether the contents of the letter had held the truth, Laura was killed by a rogue Alpha. He had lured them back to Beacon, having suspected they would jump at the chance to be reunited with family after everything they had lost, only for the glory of being the one to wipe out the last of the Hales.

The Hales had been the leading pack in Beacon Hills. While other packs resided or passed through Beacon, it was primarily *their* territory, and everyone who was anyone knew that. So, once the news got out that a fire had consumed the Hale property as well as all, except two, of the Hale pack along with it, other packs no doubt looked into taking advantage of their weakened state in hopes of taking the territory for themselves.

That was the main reason for Laura and Derek's timely departure. While Laura had automatically inherited the Alpha spark from their mom, Talia, upon her death, she had still been new to the power and had a lot still to learn. That and the fact Derek was still only a teenager, who was overrun with grief for his families demise, which meant they would have had no hope of defending what was rightfully theirs in the event of a pack war.

The rogue Alpha had been honest about one thing, however. Their uncle Peter had still in fact been in Beacon Hills for all those years, but up until Derek and Laura had returned, he had been lying comatose in the local hospital.

Due to being severely injured in the fire and losing all the pack bonds at once, it put a blocker on his healing. Unfortunately, it was only made worse by Laura and Derek leaving. Had they stayed, their remaining bonds would have helped him recover, but since they had moved so far away, he had been left to suffer *alone* for six years.

He said he didn't blame them for leaving, but they couldn't have helped feeling guilty for not taking the time to check if anyone else had actually survived.

"It doesn't matter." He had assured them. *"You are here now."*

Peter had mentioned that as soon as they crossed the border into Beacon County, he knew. He had felt their presence, and that had been enough to kick start his advanced healing. His skin knitted back together, wiping away the burns and finally allowing his mind to come back to the present once more.

Once they had managed to sneak a miraculously healed, previously comatose burn victim out of the hospital, the three of them had hiked back to the old Hale house that same evening, only to be greeted by the deranged Alpha (the one who had written the letter). He had caught them by

surprise and killed Laura before any of them even had a chance to realise they weren't alone.

Laura's Alpha spark was lost in the fray, the very moment his claws had ripped out her throat. It should have automatically passed onto Derek, him having been Laura's eldest heir (since she had no children of her own) but for some unknown reason, one they are yet to figure out, it hadn't.

It was tough going, but between the two of them, Derek and Peter had managed to rip the rogue apart, since he was already weakened by the lack of pack bonds they used that to their advantage. Finally, they had outwitted him enough for Peter to get in the killing blow (with Derek's encouragement) leaving him as the new Hale Alpha.

Derek is convinced he hadn't inherited Laura's spark due to him not being worthy of becoming the Alpha, even with his uncle Peter's assurance that these things don't work like that.

In all his years, Peter has never heard or seen an Alpha spark just wither and die without being passed on. Usually, in the event of murder by another were, the spark goes to the wolf that kills the Alpha. However, since the one who had killed Laura was already an Alpha, sod's law says it should have passed to the wolf in their pack who was next in line (like it does when an Alpha dies of natural causes or is killed by a non-wolf). But for some fucked up mystery reason, it just hadn't.

After the fight, Peter hadn't the answers when Derek came to him, asking why. So, he had just assured Derek that they would figure it out in due time, but until then, Derek was not to blame himself or overthink it.

For Derek, that's easier said than done.

It has taken them both the last six months to fall back into a kind of routine, as well as get over the fact that Laura is gone. It will never be the same as it once was, they both know that, but for now, it's okay. They are both just grateful they have each other after everything they have both lost.

Peter is strong; he always was. Although she would never have admitted it, Talia could not have run the pack without him.

He was her younger (only) brother, and they fought like cat and dog most days, but they would have died for each other, and together they had kept the Hale pack functioning.

She used to call him the; "*yellow-eyed Alpha*" because he sure as hell always seemed to act like one. He never undermined Talia's rule, and he was never bitter about his sister being the leader, but he knew his worth. He would have done absolutely anything to protect the pack, even if it meant questioning Talia's judgement from time to time.

She argued with him till she was red in the face, but she respected him and knew his only interest was keeping the pack secure, so she usually listened to his input. *After* making a scene, of course, it wouldn't have done to just have a peaceful debate—not in the Hale household.

Talia would have agreed with Derek in that Peter is more than worthy of the title 'Hale Alpha'. She would have wanted Derek to be safe above all else, and under the circumstances, Peter is both of their best chance for surviving.

They've had no other threat since that night, but that doesn't mean they will let their guards down. It seems that even with the Hale pack's untimely demise, Beacon Hills is still exclusively their territory. The Hale name must carry more weight than Derek had first thought.

Peter assures Derek that now they have returned to their family lands, they will most likely be bombarded with problems at every turn. Still, Peter is nothing if not confident in his abilities, and

he is sure they will overcome any issues presented to them.

There is also the issue still hanging over their heads of the rogue Alphas letter, which had stated that one Cora Hale is still alive and in Beacon Hills. Peter believes there is some truth in the Alphas words since *he* had been precisely where the Alpha had located him, but the words are a little vaguer with regards to Cora.

However, neither of them have yet received any more word of the validity of the information they'd been given but they sure as hell won't stop until they can confidently confirm or deny the rumour.

In the last six months, Peter has been working tirelessly to reach out to surrounding packs to re-establish the treaties they had signed back when Talia was Alpha. It had come with some minor glitches but nothing the two of them couldn't handle.

It turns out most of the packs still hold the Hales in high regard and are thrilled to have them back in Beacon—"where they belong". A few had been doubtful that two wolves can successfully run the once most prestigious pack known to wolf kind and bring it back to its former glory.

Peter, however, has assured them that once everything has settled down, and they have taken adequate time to mourn their losses, they will start expanding. Meaning he will be looking to recruit more wolves into the pack or establishing new bonds, and once again the Hale pack will rise up to the strongest it has ever been.

~

A few weeks ago, Peter put into motion the task of rebuilding the Hale house. They began renting a property in the middle of town (The Loft they call it), just somewhere for them to stay until the renovations have been completed. However, Derek often gets restless in the temporary lodgings, his wolf itching to just run free across the acres and acres of preserve surrounding their old home. So, he usually finds himself taking the trek back out to the Hale lands, if only just to reminisce.

So, Derek has managed to wander Beacon Hills quite contentedly for the last six months before finally discovering his true mate lives in the same town. All it had taken was the split-second decision between going the long way or the short way to the Hale house and bam, here he is—why hadn't he just stayed at The Loft?—frozen in place at the edge of a lacrosse field watching five teenagers doing... whatever they are doing.

On a typical day, he'd have worried about an onlooker catching a glimpse of him and thinking the worst. I mean here he is, twenty-two years old and literally lurking at the sidelines, gazing intently at a bunch of minors—Mother Moon preserve him if Peter hears about this.

However, this isn't a typical day, and yes, it may not yet be dark enough for him to successfully hide from everyone's viewpoint, but he is hidden enough away that he knows the teens will never notice.

Plus, it's not as if he means any ill intent. He's just utterly dumbfounded at this moment and is genuinely glued to the spot. So, although any onlookers that may happen by don't know of his *real* intentions for being here, he doesn't rightly care because he's not overly sure he could move even if he tried.

However, a gust of wind brings his attention towards a familiar scent, and suddenly he's getting the fierce urge just to run. *Run and hide*. Of course, this day is just getting even better by the second.

Here we fucking go.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"What do you want, Uncle?"

"Oh, nothing... nothing at all. I'm just curious." Peter's voice is oozing with faux innocence.

Derek doesn't reply with words, just juts out his chin for his uncle to continue, keeping his expression impassive.

"I'm curious as to why you have been staring toward that group of teenagers for the past..." He looks at his watch. "... seventeen minutes?"

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I managed to grind out two chapters in one day. It's mostly because I wasn't delighted with the last one as it was mostly just a dump of information.

This chapter is purely just speech between Derek and Peter—Peter's sass and just general smartassery is the kind of shit I live for!

Again, all mistakes are my own.

I really hope you can enjoy this for what it is—comments and kudos are welcome as always!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Derek knows his face must be conveying a thousand words if the shit-eating grin Peter has just aimed in his direction is anything to go by.

"If the wind were to change, my dear Nephew, your face would, unfortunately, stay like that."

Derek doesn't move from his position, nor does he even turn his head to acknowledge the man who is now prowling—no other word for it—in his direction to take a stance beside him. Derek just keeps his arms folded across his chest, his shoulders squared and his gaze forward.

"What do you want, Uncle?"

"Oh, nothing... nothing at all. I'm just curious." Peter's voice is oozing with faux innocence.

Derek doesn't reply with words, just juts out his chin for his uncle to continue, keeping his expression impassive.

"I'm curious as to why you have been staring toward that group of teenagers for the past..." He looks at his watch. "... seventeen minutes?"

Derek lets out a slow breath. Of course, his uncle just happened to be in the same place at the exact same time Derek's wolf was having a quiet meltdown. Derek must've been too focused on current events to notice.

He also knows that answering his uncle's question is pointless. Peter is intelligent, a complete and utter narcissistic smartass, but *extremely* intelligent. He knows Derek better than he knows himself—it's kind of creepy.

"It's one of them, isn't it? You've finally found your—"

"Yes." Derek doesn't let him finish. He isn't sure he's even ready to accept all of this yet, and he can do without Peter saying it out loud.

"Oh, my dear Nephew, I believe congratulations are in order. You know, finding a true mate is an honour that few wolves manage in their lifetime." Peter continues, not even bothering to try and hide his mocking.

"So I have heard." Derek's aiming for nonchalance, but his rapid heartbeat is most probably betraying him.

"So, pray tell, Nephew mine, which one of these lucky humans is your intended?"

"Piss off, Peter."

"Oh, Derek, don't be like that. I only have your best interests at heart."

At that, Derek turns his head towards his uncle, now seeing as well as hearing the pure enjoyment he's getting out of his incessant teasing. He's sporting the most wolfish grin Derek has ever seen on the man—it's like his teeth are the only thing holding back his laughter.

Derek lets out a snort and turns back to look at the group in front of them. Just in time to catch the very second that Stiles (and all four of his flailing limbs) hit the deck.

Derek closes his eyes to pray for strength, letting a groan leave his throat before he can stop it—fuck.

Peter throws his head back and, honest to the Gods, *barks* out a laugh.

"This. Is. Priceless!" Peter forces out between bouts of breathless laughter. He is not caring that his voice goes up a few octaves and is most probably loud enough to travel across the entire field.

Peter manages to reign himself in just long enough to allow his next words to come out, albeit there is still humour ringing from every syllable.

"Him? Stiles Stilinski? *Sheriff* Stilinski's 16-year-old, high-school student, spasmodic, socially awkward son is your true mate?"

Another laugh and he even has the nerve to cry *actual* tears of pure mirth at Derek's expense.

"This is gold. Mother Moon, I need a minute!"

"I'm so glad my life brings you such humour, Uncle." Derek glares at him, his jaw clenching to keep his fangs at bay. His shoulders tensing in what could only be conveyed as the early signs of murderous rage.

"Oh, don't be like that, Derek. I'm a simple man. You know how much I enjoy revelling in others

misfortunes." Peter wipes at his eyes and cheeks to dry off the remnants of tears. He takes up a similar stance to Derek and casts his gaze to the teen in question, examining.

"Even those of your family?"

Peter's smirk is playful now.

"Especially so."

~

After a few much needed seconds of silence, Derek's hardened exterior crumbles. His shoulders slump, and he runs his hands through his hair before finally turning, full-body, to face Peter.

"What if he doesn't even like men?"

"*That* is your biggest concern? *Really*, Nephew?" At Derek's blank but questioning expression, he continues. "Well, in that case, you seem to seriously underestimate the power of Hale sex appeal."

Derek lets out a groan.

"Fuck sake, Peter, it's not that simple. I can't just force him to change his sexuality."

Peter has the gall to actually look offended at his words.

"No one said anything about *force*, dear Nephew. We are not savages. Just a little bit of gentle *persuasion*." There's that predatory smirk again, but this time it's accompanied by a *not so* subtle wink.

Derek's eyes roll to the back of his head, his nostrils flaring in his impatience—how's that for Hale sex appeal, Uncle mine?

"Besides, aren't you forgetting that true mates are destined by Mother Moon herself?" Peter continues. "Do you honestly think she would make the mistake of pairing you with someone who doesn't enjoy a good sword fight? Or at the very least is a little bit bi-*sexuelle*."

"Do you hear yourself talk sometimes?" Derek deadpans. "It's honestly disturbing. No one talks like that."

"Oh lighten up, Derek. It's not the end of the world. I mean you did promise your dearest sister that you would give your true mate a chance, but that doesn't necessarily mean you have to *actually* claim him."

Derek huffs and resumes his previous bodyguard-esque stance. His eyes automatically landing on the young boy once again.

"Why don't you just get to know him and see where it goes?" Peter supplies noncommittally.

"Get to know him?! What the fuck am I supposed to say?! *Oh hi, Stiles, you don't know me but let me tell you a few things. First up, I'm a werewolf, ha, ain't that the revelation of the century? And secondly, you're my true mate. Surprise and congratu-fucking-lations! Say goodbye to the life you know because you're stuck with me forever. Oh and don't tell your father, y' know the Sheriff, cause he will probably shoot me, please and fucking thank you!*"

Seeing his uncles shocked expression at his unrestrained gesturing (it could possibly be seen as flailing—Mother Moon help him) reels Derek back down to earth. He clears his throat,

straightening his posture once again, attempting to downplay his frantic outburst and steeling his jaw before any more words spill from his lips.

It wouldn't do to give his uncle any inclination that he is genuinely shitting bricks.

Too late for that now—nice one, Derek.

"No need for the dramatics, dear Nephew. I have to say though, that is the most I have heard you speak in one breath. It makes a change to your eyebrows answering my questions. It's almost enough to render *me* speechless."

As if on command, Derek raises one eyebrow towards his uncle. This particular angle of brow means in no uncertain terms "*go fuck yourself*".

"Maybe you and this mate of yours are more alike than you think if that outburst is anything to go by."

"Peter, if you are not going to say anything useful, then leave me in peace." Derek is seriously nearing the end of his already short supply of patience.

"All I am saying is that it may not be as bad as you think? If you just tried. I mean he may be a bit flamboyant, but it would take a fool not to realise that he's *extremely* easy on the eyes."

Derek isn't exactly sure in what moment he went from resembling a Madame Tussauds waxworks to his fangs now being mere centimetres from his uncle's face with a clawed hand wrapped around the man's throat. And apparently, snarling? Yes, he's definitely snarling.

"Nephew, calm yourself before someone sees you." Peter has no hint of fear in his voice, only a gentle authority as if scolding a disobedient child. He holds his hands up, palms facing Derek in a placating gesture.

Derek can see his uncle's mouth move but can't hear the words. All he can focus on is the mantra of *protectmate* and *killcompetition*.

"Oh for the love of..."

Peter's eyes flash Alpha red, and Derek immediately snaps out of his current state, unable to ignore his Alphas command. His hand from around Peter's throat instinctively retracts as if burned, his claws and fangs also subconsciously revert back to human.

"I... I'm sorry, Alpha. I don't know what- What just happened?"

Peter massages his throat with one of his hands; the tiny claw-shaped gashes are already beginning to heal.

"I'll tell you what just happened. Your wolf has already attached itself to their mate." Peter almost sounds... impressed.

"But... I don't understand?" Derek's voice is small; he can't bring himself to look Peter in the eye as he speaks, embarrassment and shame overwhelming him.

"What was your wolf telling you to do just then?"

"To... protect my mate."

"Yes, and what else?" Peter knows the answer to his own question; of course, he does. He knows

everything.

"Kill the competition." Derek answers honestly, but he lowers his voice to almost a whisper, ashamed of the admittance.

"Precisely. Your wolf got jealous with me mentioning your mate being *easy on the eyes*; it believed me to be portraying interest. So, naturally, it jumped on the defensive." Peter is being shockingly cavalier about just having a set of claws around his throat.

"Peter, how can you be so calm? I could have really hurt you!"

Peter doesn't answer, just raises one eyebrow and shoot Derek a look that says "*Really, Nephew?*"—cocky bastard.

"Fine." Derek sighs. "I wouldn't have managed to hurt you, but that's not the point! I didn't even realise what was happening; I couldn't control it."

Peter turns fully to face Derek, placing one hand gently on the scruff of his neck (a calming gesture from an Alpha to his Beta). Derek drops his head forward, closing his eyes as he melts into his Alphas touch.

"Nephew, calm down. Don't worry about it. It's not exactly ideal that your wolf has been so quick to attach itself, especially without even having spoken to your mate but it's still not the end of the world. You've been through so much, Derek. It's not at all surprising that your control has managed to weaken slightly."

Derek forces himself to lift his head. Looking into his uncle's eyes, he sees nothing but genuine concern and love seeping through.

"We can work on it." Peter's expression is soft with a kind, caring smile gracing his lips. He hasn't yet moved his hand from Derek's neck, still content with showering him with the calming pheromones he is feeding through their pack bond.

This is why he's the Alpha.

"Okay."

"Good boy." Any other time that would have been condescending coming from Peter's mouth but at this moment, it's meant as genuine praise.

Derek would be lying if he said it doesn't make him preen.

~

After a few moments of comfortable silence, Derek speaks again. Now feeling way more at ease with the situation than earlier. Now willing to reasonably figure out a way forward.

"So, what do I do now?"

Peter lets his hand slip from Derek's neck, as he takes up a similar stance to his nephews earlier (arms crossed over his chest)—albeit, it's slightly less militant than what he had been trying for.

He looks out at the teens once more. They are still dicking about on the lacrosse field, delightfully none the wiser regarding the shit show that has just occurred.

"I still stand by just getting to know him. Your wolf already agrees with Mother Moon's choice,

but *you* need to allow yourself a chance to figure out if it's something you want too. The only way that can happen is if you talk to him."

"I'm not good with words. I'd just end up making a tit of myself."

"Oh, of that there is no doubt." Peter breathes out a laugh, turning his gaze back to Derek to show him that he may have just let loose his softer, more affectionate side, but he's still a sarcastic asshole.

Derek just glares at him, but there's no real heat behind it. He's secretly glad that Peters opted to revert back to teasing, it's easier to handle.

"But, you can at least try."

Derek doesn't reply, just lets his eyes wander over his mate once more. Taking a moment to appreciate the boy's complete and utter joy at just running around like a loon.

His hysterical and unabashed laughter echoes across the vast open space sends an involuntary shiver up Derek's spine. He lets his eyes fall closed, content at just letting the syrupy smooth sound envelop him in a warm caress. The gentle chuckling is somehow in perfect harmony with every beat of Derek's heart; together, they are conducting a euphoric symphony.

Oh no.

His eyes snap open, bringing his thoughts back from the blissful void.

It takes him a few seconds to realise that he's alone; his uncle is no longer in the vicinity. The teens are also gone. There's no sign of anyone or anything within his advanced hearing abilities' radius.

How long has he been in that trance? Has anyone walked past him? When did Stiles' laughter stop being real and start being pure imagination?

This is not good.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again for reading!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Derek should have been keeping his distance. Staying away until the time is right.

It's too late for that now; the damage is done.

He is so fucked.

Chapter Notes

I swear this will be hitting a climax at some point, but right now I'm just getting a feel for all the characters and kind of introducing the story, so please bear with me.

I have put warnings in the endnotes, so if you are at all dubious, please read those before continuing.

Hopefully, you are enjoying this so far and again (as I'll say in every chapter), all mistakes are mine. I wrote this chapter quite hastily so just comment if any errors stick out to you too harshly and I'll change them as soon as.

Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Derek hasn't made any moves to introduce himself, as Peter had suggested.

The main reason why is because it had been Peter who'd suggested it, nothing good ever comes from following Peter's advice. Although he is a perfect Alpha (Derek will deny to his dying day that he ever admitted that) and would never do anything to *completely* fuck up Derek's life, or hurt him maliciously, he's still an asshole. An asshole who—when he gets bored—likes to mess around with people for fun.

Derek loves his uncle, as his only family left he sees him as an almost father figure (always has really—he had been like a second father when his *actual* father wasn't around) as well as his Alpha. He is under no illusion the love is reciprocated; however, that doesn't mean Peter isn't also the most infuriating person Derek has ever met.

He has a penchant for causing mischief wherever he goes, making things go tits up then sauntering away from the chaos he himself has created with the biggest shit-eating grin plastered over his face.

So, forgive Derek if he is a little reluctant to jump headfirst into some advice given by his uncle. It may have made sense at the time, but he can't be sure it won't backfire at some point all for his uncle's amusement. He can just hear the smug cackle now—"*all in good humour, my dear Nephew*".

The second reason he hasn't already spoken to his mate is that, well, Stiles is only *sixteen*. While Derek wouldn't ever dream of mating and claiming anyone underage, he still isn't really comfortable with talking to a minor with the knowledge that (if things go well) it could all eventually get sexual.

Yes, he'd only be introducing himself at the moment and maybe spending time with the youth, if he's interested, but it still feels kind of slimy to him. Like he has an ulterior motive to talking with the boy while Stiles is utterly innocent to the whole ordeal. It just doesn't feel right.

So, he has decided to take all necessary precautions to keep his wolf in check until Stiles turns eighteen. He will keep as much distance from the youth as he can possibly muster.

Beacon Hills is a small place, but Derek is confident that now he knows who his true mate is, he will have no trouble avoiding even catching a glimpse of Stiles if he keeps himself to the forest and outskirts of town.

He can do that. Easy.

It's only a year and four months until Stiles turns eighteen and with school and friends to keep the youth occupied until then, what are the chances that he'll ever, *even* accidentally, happen upon Derek's family's territory?

He will just keep to Hale lands, and hopefully, it will all work out—sounds simple enough.

~

Well, that idea lasted all of four days.

Here Derek stood in the preserve, just a few hundred yards from the burned-out ruins of the old Hale house, watching Stiles and some other boy wander aimlessly through the trees in the wee hours of the morning.

"Give me strength." Derek breathes out to no one but himself.

Derek had been minding his own business, just taking his usual late night/early morning run through the woods when he'd caught a whiff of sweet, sickly honey and warm cinnamon spice that stopped him dead in his tracks.

He hadn't even the time to ponder on the source before his wolf had taken the reigns. The next thing he knows, he's lurking in the shadows behind a fallen tree, with his true mate mere feet in front of him—again.

Some poor souls never find their true mate and here's Derek, casually bumping into his twice in the same week. What gives?

Laura would have been ecstatic right now. She would have probably already had the teen sitting at their family's dinner table, reciting every embarrassing story from Derek's childhood. Knowing Laura, Stiles would have now known everything there is to know about werewolves, and he'd have been an expert on true mates before Derek even had the chance to offer him refreshments.

Well, screw it.

Derek steps out from the darkness, now standing in a spot gently illuminated by the moon. Even with every other inch of the forest still being enveloped in black shadow and the human's lack of night vision, there is just enough light breaking through the trees above for the two teens to finally

see him.

"This is private property."

A high pitched scream echoes through the preserve, followed by the signature flurry of limbs.

Derek's eyes roll to the back of his skull (although it lacks the normal heat the gesture usually entails), and if anyone had been close enough to notice the small, fond curve pulling at the corner of his lips, he'd deny it.

"Woah dude, you could give a guy a heart attack by doing that." Stiles is the one to talk first—of course, he is—but only after he's managed to calm his breathing enough to get the words out.

His voice is raspy, no doubt a symptom of the scream he has just unleashed, but it's still not what Derek expected. It's lower than he imagined—not that he's ever imagined his true mate's voice, nope, not once—and smooth like liquid gold but with a pitch to it that could be perceived as annoying.

But, to Derek, it's almost endearing.

Stop it.

"You are trespassing."

"Sorry, erm... Sir." It's the other boy who speaks this time. "We... we got lost and... and... We will just turn around and go back the way we came. Come on, Stiles."

Derek had almost forgotten there's another human present, too busy admiring the most beautiful amber-tinted orbs he's ever seen and imagining what that voice will sound like moaning out his name—what the fuck?

"Wait. Wait a minute, Scotty. That's, that's Derek Hale. You know, one of the *only* Hales to survive the... the *accident*. We could totally ask him if he knows anything." Stiles is whispering, but Derek can hear every word.

Derek will deny to the end of his days that the fact his true mate knows his name—knows who he is, even—sends a spark through his entire body. Igniting a fire that burns hot through his veins, from the top of his head to the very tip of his... toes.

Derek clears his throat, shaking his head as if to clear his mind of the impure fog clouding all the available space.

"You shouldn't be here. Leave. *Now*." Derek barks out.

"Yes, yes, you've said that already- Wait, one second." Stiles leaps closer with one hand outstretched in a stop gesture as Derek turns on his heel.

He has every intention of walking away (or running, more likely) and chaining himself up in the Hale house basement for the remaining year and four months until Stiles' birthday.

"Please."

Derek hopes, nay *prays*, to all the Gods above that no one heard the pitiful whine that just escaped his throat. Although he can't see for sure, he can guess that his eyes had just flashed a surreal shade of blue. He can feel his gums itching as his fangs fight against his willpower to spring free—to

claim.

His mate practically just begged him to stay in his presence. His wolf, no matter how strong, can't deny that request.

With his back still turned away from the teens, he calls forth every deity he can remember the name of to give him enough strength to stop himself from launching at his mate and debauching him right here on the forest floor.

Stiles continues to speak—because that just doesn't help Derek's situation, so of course, he'd talk again. Why not just test Derek's control to the absolute fucking limit?

"Mr Hale... erm, Derek? Just out of pure, innocent curiosity, do you know anything about a... body... out here? Like, you know... a dead one?"

Derek (now completely human-looking again) turns to face the boy.

"What?" His voice comes out harsher than intended, but his brain is taking a little longer than usual to catch up.

"Erm... well, we heard a rumour and just- I don't know? We kinda wondered if it was true at all." Stiles has stopped advancing on Derek. Now seemingly content with the small amount of distance between them.

"Is that what you two are doing out here? Looking for a body?" Derek asks dryly.

His control is slowly reigning itself back in now that he's more focused on his mate's reasoning for being here.

"Hmm?" Stiles answers, but he seems miles away—as if his mind has wandered away from the current conversation.

Derek coughs to gain back his attention, and the teen snaps back to reality.

"Oh... oh... no, no, definitely not. We would never *intentionally* go out in the middle of the night looking for dead things. Nope. Nah. Not at all. Right, Scotty?!"

Stiles glances over his shoulder to the quivering boy a little ways behind him. The other teen 'Scotty' doesn't answer, just licks his lips and open/closes his mouth a few times as if he has all but lost the ability to speak.

He kind of reminds Derek of a rabbit caught in headlights. A bit gormless really.

Stiles just sighs at his shell shocked friend and looks back at Derek who is now standing with his arms crossed over his chest—his most favoured stance, apparently—with one eyebrow cocked at Stiles as if to say "*I don't believe your bullshit*".

"Okay, fine. Yes, that's why we are out here, but it's honestly not as bad as it sounds. You see, my dad is the Sheriff and I heard him talking... well okay, maybe I was eavesdropping on a phone call, but that doesn't matter..." Que the wild gesturing.

Derek isn't sure where his eyes are expected to focus. On one of his two flailing arms or his dramatically expressional face?

"Stiles" Scott's voice isn't loud enough to interrupt his friend's verbal diarrhoea.

"... and he said something about a "*missing girl*", and then the words "*jogger*" and "*dead body*" got mixed in there somewhere..."

"Stiles" It's clear Scott is trying to stop Stiles from rambling, but his voice is just not projecting enough volume to take effect.

That and the fact he still looks utterly frozen to the spot. Derek finds it slightly amusing how terrified this boy is of him and he isn't even showing fang—ah, humans.

Derek ends up just looking in Stiles' general direction instead of focusing on one singular part of him (he's giving himself a headache with how fast his eyes are trying to keep up with every movement).

He is only now aware that his eyebrows are almost at his hairline, a subconscious reaction to hearing the words spill from Stiles' mouth without a hint of him even thinking of stopping for breath. It's almost impressive.

Stiles keeps going.

"... so, I tapped into the police scanner and managed to coax some more info from my dad and well, that's when I pieced together the whole story. Apparently, someone running through the woods stumbled, quite by accident, over the body of a dead girl, or at least the top half of her, and it may or may not be the girl who had been reported missing a few days ago—"

"Stiles!"

There we go.

"What?!" Stiles turns (flails) to look at his friend.

"Stop. We have no idea who this guy is. For all we know, he could be a murderer, and you're telling him... well, stuff *we* shouldn't even know."

"Oh Scotty, why do you always have to be so... judgemental? Not every stranger you meet in the dark is a weirdo."

Scott looks genuinely confused at how calm Stiles seems. It's kind of adorable—like a lost puppy.

"You're not are you?" Stiles quickly swivels back to face him, fast enough that it almost gives Derek whiplash.

Derek just makes a noise that could be a "*What?*"

"A murderer?" Suddenly a sharp spike of unease plagues the boy's scent. Stiles swallows, and Derek's eyes automatically track the movement.

"I could be." Derek shrugs.

He wills his face to stay as stoic as possible, so as not to give away the pure amusement rippling through him at seeing, even in the lack of light, the rosy pink tinge completely drain from Stiles complexion.

"Well... erm. This was absolutely delightful. We should totally do it again sometime... maybe... you know... once I've run your name through the police database."

"Stiles. Come on."

Derek huffs a laugh, but his face doesn't change.

"You should listen to your friend... *Stiles*." He purrs out his name, getting a feel of it on his tongue. He also doesn't miss how it makes his mates breath hitch and his heartbeat stutter.

Interesting.

Stiles stumbles backwards, only *just* managing to keep himself upright, his eyes never straying from Derek's. It's as if he's staring into Derek's soul, trying to pry out all his deepest darkest secrets.

It's strange. Throughout this whole encounter, not once had Stiles' scent even border on fear (or absolutely petrified as his friends had more than once). Uneasy, yes, *uncertain* even, but never frightened. His heartbeat had jack-rabbed expectedly when Derek had first come out of the shadows to address the teens. Still, until the slight tremor a few seconds ago, it's been beating at a steady pace—except when he had begun his rambling, it had picked up again slightly, but that was more due to adrenaline with talking so fast without air than with any sort of fear.

Even now, as he's standing stock still in the same spot, looking like he is debating on whether to flee or stay, it's only curiosity that is filling Derek's senses.

He also has some kind of look in his eye. It's almost... knowing? Something like understanding? Of what, Derek has no idea, but it's unnerving, to say the least.

It is clear that Derek's mate should add 'lack of self-preservation' onto his long list of utterly perfect flaws. To stop and assess the situation instead of immediately running for the hills after a man you only know by name has just said he could be a murderer, is slightly messed up.

He is undoubtedly an enigma. But Derek's wolf doesn't seem put off—if anything it's just more enthralled.

Stiles yields in his assessment of Derek's inner thoughts. Finally, snapping out of staring into Derek's eyes, and instead, casting them downwards, bowing his head and tilting it ever so slightly to the side, exposing the long pale flesh of his throat.

Derek's heart threatens to beat out of his chest. His wolf is desperately trying to claw its way to the surface, testing Derek's resolve to the absolute limits at seeing his mate's subtle show of submission. Stiles can't possibly know what he is doing to Derek—can he?

Derek loses all train of thought, for in the next moment the moon's light hits the side of Stiles' face perfectly. Derek's heightened eyesight only gets him so far. He can see in the dark pretty clearly, definitely more than a human's eyes could ever see at night, but he isn't really able to make out the finer details (just the bare minimum needed to identify someone).

Now though, with the subtle glow escaping between the leaves above them, alongside his werewolf vision, he can see everything as clear as day.

There, standing in front of him is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen.

Although he saw his mate a few days ago for the first time, he hadn't really focused too much on the actual details. Too busy worrying over the facts to care about what his true mate *actually* looks like.

But now. Now he can't focus on anything else.

Long, elegant eyelashes encasing warm honey-soaked eyes. A petite and slightly upturned button

nose. A strong, but delicate, jaw, unburdened by any hint of stubble. Sinfully plump lips that Derek can only imagine will feel as soft and euphoric as they appear. A never-ending expanse of smooth alabaster skin sprinkled with tiny brown beauty marks—like constellations in the clear night sky.

"Gods, you're beautiful."

Shit.

It comes out as nothing more than a breath, but by the way Stiles' head snaps up to look at Derek in point nothing of a second, he heard it.

Derek should have been keeping his distance. Staying away until the time is right.

It's too late for that now; the damage is done.

He is so fucked.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so a little warning:

As I mentioned in this fic's very beginning notes, I have not tagged this underage because of my country's age of consent being 16, however, while there is no sex whatsoever in this chapter some of the things Derek thinks may be seen as a bit unsavoury regarding a 16-year-old. This doesn't actually bother me, but I know in most other countries you are a minor until you are 18. I just wanted to add this little warning for you guys who may not be comfortable with a 16-year-old being sexualised and since this whole thing is based in the US, I just wanted to cover that.

As I say, nothing happens and Derek even states that he wouldn't actually mate or claim a minor but his instincts do take over and he thinks about it.

I hope that all makes sense, please don't read if any of that offends you.

Thanks!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Gods above, Derek doesn't know what to do. He hasn't been able to bring himself to leave the safe confines of his room for three whole days due to his pure embarrassment (even with the incessant coaxing from his uncle every few hours from behind his door).

All he can do is mull over the scene in his head again and again until it becomes a case of Chinese whispers, where he can no longer confidently determine the facts from his mind's own interpretation of events. He wants so badly for it all to have been a dream, but Derek isn't so lucky.

Chapter Notes

Christ, this took me longer to update than I thought it would. Apologies to anyone who was waiting on it but I am currently planning out a Steter fic, and it took up way too much of my attention.

I am not overly happy with this chapter. It's one of those that I wrote in a rush so that I could get something posted so sorry if it's kind of short and not really that much of an update to the story. I hope you can enjoy it for what it is (basically just a gap filler).

However, I can't help but enjoy writing about my favourite Big Bad, so I'm not too mad. I swear the number of times I have stopped myself just turning this into a Derek/Peter thing is too many to admit. I just love Peter Hale, okay, it's bloody ridiculous.

Oh, I have also written the outlines of chapters 6 and 7, but I need to go back and edit it all, so stay tuned for that. It gets a bit juicier from here on out *wink wink*.

I swear you will get sick of me saying this, but all mistakes are mine—and there will be tons—so, just comment any that really piss you off so I can change them or, just enjoy the story and try to ignore the bad grammar and punctuation (if that's possible).

Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Derek lies in his bed back at The Loft, staring intently at the ceiling, worrying his lip with his teeth.

After his subconscious admittance in the forest, he'd bolted it back to him, and his uncles shared apartment and locked himself in his bedroom—leaving the two boys no doubt stunned at his untimely departure.

That had been three nights ago.

Three. Whole. Nights. And still, Derek can't get one thought out of his head. Stiles had heard him. He had heard him say he is beautiful.

Gods above, Derek doesn't know what to do. He hasn't been able to bring himself to leave the safe confines of his room for *three whole days* due to his pure embarrassment (even with the incessant coaxing from his uncle every few hours from behind his door).

All he can do is mull over the scene in his head again and again until it becomes a case of Chinese whispers, where he can no longer confidently determine the facts from his mind's own interpretation of events. He wants so badly for it all to have been a dream, but Derek isn't so lucky.

He hasn't eaten. Has barely slept. Every time his eyes flutter closed from sheer exhaustion, his wolf howls until he wakes again. All it wants is for Derek to hightail it out of his window and jump in through Stiles' own. He wants to claim his mate—who can blame it?

Instead of the much-needed sleep, all Derek knows for sure is that he has spent the last seventy-two hours intermittently switching between pacing with such vigour one has to wonder how he hasn't worn a hole in the carpet. And lying in his bed stripping his cock to such an extent that he would, most certainly, have chafed had he been human. All while focusing on the moonlit image of Stiles that has now been seared into the forefront of his mind.

Between the constant worry of his mate thinking him a creeper for his revelation, and the impure fantasies playing off in his head, Derek hasn't a fucking clue whether he's coming or going. Well, he's certainly *coming*, a lot. His wolf's constant restless energy just isn't helping the issue.

He had hoped the ground would have just opened up and swallowed him whole. It would have been easier—and probably a lot less stressful.

Of course, Derek never has enough of a second to wallow too deep into his self-pity, due to the constant knocking at his door. It's like his uncle can sense when his thoughts dwell too deep and chooses those precise moments to disturb his peace.

"Nephew, this is getting beyond ridiculous. What on earth has happened to make you shut yourself in there for three goddamn days?" Peter sounds tired. Probably at the end of his tether with trying to get Derek to open up.

"Go away." Derek whispers under his breath. He knows Peter can hear him, so he doesn't think it necessary to waste what precious energy he has left by shouting or talking at normal volume.

"No, Derek. I will not *go away*". You have been locked in there for *three days*, and quite frankly I'm getting worried. You haven't eaten any of the food I've left for you, and your heartbeat is loud enough to keep even *me* awake at night. You know how much I value my sleep, Derek, so I cannot let this go on any longer. I have indulged your little self-pitying episode for long enough. *Let. Me. In.*"

Derek lifts his head towards the door. He can hear the worry in his uncle's tone, but he just doesn't feel up to his humour (which will inevitably show its face at some point).

"Peter, I am fine, just—"

"Derek, I *will* break this door down! Do not test me. I will ask you one more time to open this door, or I swear, you will not want to be in the vicinity if I have to force my way in." Peter is clearly losing patience. Fast.

Derek has to choose between dealing with sarky uncle Peter or pissed off Alpha Peter.

He chooses the former.

Derek pulls back the bedcovers and makes his way to the door. He unlocks the latch before retreating back to his bed, not bothering to give his uncle eye contact as the older man enters the room.

He can hear the deep—overdramatised, really—inhale his uncle takes once he has opened the door fully.

"Gods above, Derek, it absolutely reeks in here! How can you possibly even stomach sulking in *this*?" Peter pauses in the rooms' threshold, obvious disgust dripping from him in bucket loads. His perfectionist ass is triggered—Derek can practically feel him vibrating with pent-up exasperation.

Derek doesn't reply, just wraps himself back up in his safe cocoon of the duvet before going back to staring towards his bolted window, not really focusing on anything in particular.

"You have an en-suite, Derek... with a shower. Hells teeth, even *if* you didn't want to leave the room, you could have at least... I don't know... put the sheets out for me to wash."

Derek hears Peter step further into the room. His wolf is no doubt howling at him to disinfect every nook and cranny. Derek probably would have laughed at his uncle's antics had he been in a better mood, but right now, it's just white noise.

"Mother Moon, this is rife." Peter mutters to no one in particular, he's probably given up trying to get any conversation out of his nephew and instead is calculating exactly how many articles of Derek's clothing are now covering what had once been unmistakably a floor.

Alas, no such luck.

"Derek, are you even listening to me? Have you done absolutely nothing in the last few days but wallow in your own filth and... wank yourself silly?"

Derek winces at his uncle's crudeness, his nose wrinkling in distaste for his uncle's word choice. Never, not ever, has he needed to hear his uncle talk about... *that*. He will die a happy man if he never again has to listen to his uncle comment on his *habits*.

"Peter..." Derek tries to form words but just doesn't have the energy. Instead, he just sighs and wraps his blankets tighter around himself, burrowing his head further into the pillow hoping that if he merges enough with the furniture his uncle will leave.

Stupid notion.

Peter releases a—entirely unnecessary—put-out sigh before striding over to the large window at the far end of Derek's room. He unbolts it with more force than is strictly warranted and slides it open, fully.

Derek shivers at the sudden gust of cool breeze that sweeps in and assaults his exposed face. He makes no move to angle himself away from the fresh air, however. He just continues to lie on his side, staring out the now open window, his gaze going straight through his uncle.

A few seconds of silence pass (his uncle no doubt spending them assessing his nephew's state) before the older man moves again. He makes his way over to the side of Derek's bed, making a

point of positioning himself in front of Derek, obstructing his view of the window.

Derek doesn't look up at his uncle's face, but he can still feel his glare burn through him like lasers. He can also hear—very clearly—the breaths his uncle is taking to calm himself down.

"What happened?" Peter's voice has softened since his earlier hissy fit at Derek's door, but Derek knows from the emotions coming through their pack bond that he is barely holding onto his frustration.

"I met Stiles." Derek answers vaguely. Still not focusing his attention anywhere near Peter—which is proving very fucking difficult when he is swamping every line of his vision.

"Yes, I was there. I saw all that, but I don't believe anything happened at that point to warrant this level of self-destruction." Peter replies, sounding *almost* defeated.

"I told him he was beautiful." Derek mumbles, quiet enough that even an Alpha werewolf will have to strain to hear.

"You... spoke to him? Like I told you to?" Peter either hasn't actually heard Derek or is just choosing to be ignorant (probably the latter), either way, his mood drastically lightens at Derek's admission.

"I told him he was beautiful and he heard me." Derek repeats a little louder while still staring at nothing. Through Peter's eyes, he must look somewhat close to a barely-talking corpse.

"I heard you, Nephew, but I'm really struggling to see what the issue—"

Derek finally snaps, his head twisting in Peter's direction. Finally, acknowledging his uncle fully for the first time in three days.

"You *don't see the issue*? Ha. Tell me, Uncle, I'm curious, are you just acting stupid, or did being in that coma render you completely fucking senile?" Derek spits out, every word dripping with venom.

He regrets his words as soon as he says them. His uncle isn't at fault here, but he can't help taking out his terrible mood on someone, and Peter is just the closest victim—one that will just not give up.

Derek lowers his gaze once more, but this time he subconsciously shows his submission to the Alpha.

A few moments of silence pass between them before Peter decides to speak again.

"You know, I had hoped you would have grown out of your 'woe is me' teenage sulky streak, but it seems you are still intent on acting childish." Peter sounds amused—of course, he does, it wouldn't be Peter if he didn't sound even remotely entertained at Derek's insults.

"Am not."

Fuck sake. The answer escapes his lips before he can stop it. He rolls his eyes at his own fucking stupidity—he has just subconsciously fuelled Peter's fire.

Long pause.

"*Are too.*"

Derek risks a glance back up at the man still standing in front of him. There it is, that wolfish grin, plastered all over his smug face.

Derek huffs but can't stop the uptick at the corner of his mouth—damn his uncle, damn his ability to make light out of every situation, damn him to hell.

Derek lets out a deep sigh as he lifts himself up into a sitting position. He abandons his blanket fort in favour of swinging his legs over the side of the bed, subtly permitting his uncle to take up the now available space.

Peter is most likely debating with himself whether he wants to risk contaminating his favourite jeans by sitting in filth or to politely decline the offer. However, after a few moments (probably spent battling with his inner housewife persona) Derek feels the bed shift beside him. When he looks up, it's to Peter sitting directly beside him, close enough that he can feel the Alphas warmth on his naked skin. All sark is gone, only a fond look graces his features.

"Tell me what happened. I can't help you if you don't talk to me." Peter's hand moves to Derek's wrist, squeezing gently in a silent plea for his nephew to trust him with his problem.

Derek assesses his uncle's face before locking in on his sky blue eyes. He sees nothing but the caring Alpha he is: no jests, no judgement, just the one person in this whole world who he can trust.

With that, he takes a deep breath and decides to tell his uncle *everything*. Starting from the very moment his wolf had caught Stiles' scent the other night in the preserve.

~

"Well, there is definitely no doubt that your wolf has already made its choice," Peter says once Derek has finished going over his and Stiles' unplanned meeting in the forest. "And since you are trying to fight against its instincts, it's pining. That's why you are feeling like this. Not because you feel like an idiot after your comment to the boy, but instead because you aren't giving in to your wolf desires. Ultimately your own desires too."

Derek sighs, he doesn't know what to say to that.

"I have to admit, I've never seen a bond form as quickly as yours seems to have developed. You've only seen the boy twice, met him once and you *and* your wolf are already clawing to claim him, that's... quite a rarity."

"Great." Derek replies with all the sarcasm he can muster.

That's all he needs. Not only has he defied the odds against him and found his true mate but he's also managed to subconsciously form a bond without even getting within a few feet of the teen.

Most wolves need to—at the very least—touch their mate's skin or spend time getting to know them before the foundations of a true mate bond begins to form, but not Derek. Oh no. He only needs to see him twice and speak a few words to him—not even in a conversational 'get to know you' way—and he's glued.

So, as Peter has mentioned, the reason he has been feeling so low these last few days isn't that he believes he might actually die of embarrassment from his confession—as initially thought. But actually, because he has been using all his willpower to fight his instincts and deny his wolf what it wants most.

And when your wolf doesn't get what it wants it tends to throw a tantrum and/or pine intensely—it actually makes sense now that Derek thinks more on it.

Even though you are merged as one, you and your wolf are two separate personalities. So, while the wolf will most likely notice your true mate and accept them after the first whiff of their scent, it can take time for the more human side of you to do the same. It tends to like to get to know a potential mate first before going ahead with the claiming whereas the wolf just sees Mother Moon's choice for you and accepts off the bat.

When you and your wolf both fully accept the choice, only then does a bond start to tether itself. Once that happens, as the days pass without a claiming, the wolf starts to get restless.

Claiming's rarely happen without both your wolf and human sides agreeing on the choice wholeheartedly. While it's definite that you will be compatible (Mother Moon wouldn't have destined you otherwise), it's common sense that you at least talk to the person you are intending on being with forever before jumping in headfirst.

It's easier to suffer through not going ahead and claiming your true mate as Mother Moon intended when the human part of you hasn't yet acknowledged or fully committed to the mate. It takes longer for a werewolf to get over the rejection if the bond has already taken root (when you are both on the same page), but it is still entirely possible—it just takes a lot more time, space and a shit ton of *willpower*.

Unluckily for Derek (and his current fragile state of control), it seems the human part of him has, as well as his wolf, accepted Stiles as *his* without even needing to conform to the human ideals of getting to know someone before falling in love. Apparently, he is a 'love at first sight' kind of guy—who knew? Yippee and hurray.

This whole shitshow is rapidly rolling further downhill. Derek hadn't thought it even possible.

"So, what do I do now?"

"You have to decide, Derek. I mean *really* decide. Both you and your wolf have accepted Mother Moon's decision, but if you *truly* think you cannot or do not want to go through with this, you have to make that choice now. Lest you spend more time than is strictly healthy feeling like this." Peter replies seriously.

"He's only sixteen, Peter. I can't... I can't put him in this position. I can't. He's still got his whole life ahead of him. What if he doesn't want me? What if I choose to claim him and he doesn't even want me?" Derek cannot help the sadness coming through in his voice; the thought of his mate refusing him is not something he wants even to contemplate.

"Listen to me, right now." Peter turns in his position on the bed so that he's fully facing Derek. His whole demeanour is leaving no room for argument.

Lecture incoming.

"You need to stop with all this... constant negativity! It's giving me a goddamn headache. If he doesn't want you, Derek, then that's his problem, not yours, but at least you can say you *tried*. That's all you can do." Peter sighs and softens his expression before continuing. "I am not telling you what to do here, Derek. The choice is, and can only be, *yours*. But you do have to make that choice sooner rather than later; and it has to be what *you* want, not what you think he will want. Sometimes one must put their own desires first, Derek, especially with something as complex as this."

Derek doesn't speak; he can't. He isn't sure what exactly to say. Peter is right. He has to decide. He can't go another day feeling like this and barely functioning. With his every waking moment being spent obsessing over his mate.

Peter continues talking through Derek's silence.

"Either you give into instinct and claim the boy, or at least attempt to court him to temper your wolf until you do claim him. Or you walk away now. But Derek, if you choose the latter, that will mean you have to leave Beacon Hills, at least until you claim another. Being in his vicinity will slowly drive you stir crazy and I canno-*will not*-watch that happen."

Derek doesn't want to leave. He can't. For all his strength and bravado, though he'll never actually admit it, or use his fear of losing his pack bonds (again) to manipulate Derek into staying, his uncle still needs him. They need each other. They're pack, and Derek will not abandon his pack, not again.

No, he's staying. If he has to suffer and go mad with rejection to do that, then so be it.

Gods above, if Laura could hear him now, she would scold him for his utter ridiculousness. She'd probably still coo at the fact Derek is a rare breed and has managed to form a bond with his true mate without so much as a second thought, but she'd still smack him across the head and tell him to stop being so self-sacrificing.

Then she'd remind him of his promise.

"*Give him a chance.*" He hears the ghost of her voice in his ear.

There is no choice. Any pretence of choice he may have had was made the moment Derek first laid eyes on the boy. It's just taken him until now to fully realise it. He is too far invested to back down now. If the boy doesn't want to be mated to him, then he will cross that bridge when it comes, but for now, he is going to try.

"I'll give him a chance. I'll get to know him, court him and... tell him everything. I'll leave the choice to him because, for me, the choice has already been made. No amount of running and hiding will change that. If he accepts, then... then I will claim him." Derek says decisively, confident that this is what he truly wants—what he and his wolf has *always* wanted.

Derek looks out the window once more as he imagines Laura jumping around like a kid in a sweetshop. He smiles at the thought.

"Laura would be proud." Peter says with a hint of longing. It's as if he knows exactly what is playing through Derek's mind; like he can see it too—maybe he can.

Derek looks over to see his uncle smiling at him, soft and fond. Before he can talk himself out of it, he leans over and grabs his Alpha in a bone-crushing hug. He places his ear over his uncle's heart and closes his eyes, relaxing fully to the scent of family—of pack.

"Thanks, Peter." He whispers into his uncle's chest.

Peter momentarily startles at the sudden force pushing against him but returns the gesture without hesitation. He runs his fingers through Derek's hair as he rests his chin on the top of the younger wolf's head; fully submitting to his nephew's affection.

"Anytime, sweetheart."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading—kudos and feedback are always appreciated and very helpful.

The next few chapters should be up soon!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Four months have come and gone.

Stiles is now seventeen. Still not what Derek would call ideal, and he's still intent on leaving any claiming until the boy is at least eighteen, but Derek feels a bit more comfortable actually approaching the subject now—it's progress.

Chapter Notes

I'm back!

I really hope you enjoy these two chapters I've got for ya. To be honest, they are both in the same scene, but I wrote them at different times, and since it was quite long, I decided to split it.

Warning at the end.

Special thanks to the people who actually read the notes, I mean, kudos to you my friends.

Anyways, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Four months have come and gone.

Stiles is now seventeen. Still not what Derek would call *ideal*, and he's still intent on leaving any claiming until the boy is at least eighteen, but Derek feels a bit more comfortable actually approaching the subject now—it's progress.

Derek has spent the last few months keeping a safe distance, watching his mate from the sidelines—to placate his wolf until the opportune moment presents itself to approach the boy with the intent of courting him. He is still restless, but with the wolf content in his decision to give his true mate a chance, it's calmed down significantly from the whole debacle four months ago.

Peter laughed at him daily for his behaviour (no real change there), saying he's downright creepy—Derek can't bring himself to care. He is holding off getting into courting territory for as long as he possibly can before his wolf once again loses it with impatience. If the only way to get his wolf to behave itself in the meantime is by casually lingering in the shadows, close enough to catch the boys scent but not close enough to get caught, well, that's just what he has to do.

The only problem is that Stiles seems to be trying to test his resolve at every opportunity. The amount of times Derek has nearly walked into the teen while not actually intending too is bordering on ridiculous. How is he meant to secretly keep an eye on Stiles when Stiles is intent on

just popping up absolutely everywhere out of the blue? It's proving difficult for Derek to keep up—some people just have no consideration.

This brings Derek to his current problem.

As he crosses over the threshold into the preserve, he *yet again* catches a whiff of the gangly little fucker. At least this time it seems he is still far enough away to give Derek ample opportunity to make himself scarce. Unlike the last few times where he'd catch the boy's scent on the wind, but at that very same second the teen would casually saunter into view—he really needs to have a word with these 'superior senses' he's supposed to have, like honestly.

From how saturated the scent is, Derek guesses the boy is nought but a few feet away from the Hale house, a couple of miles from where Derek is currently standing. It has come to Derek's attention that every time the boy enters these woods, he ends up getting closer and closer to Derek's old home.

This time he seems to have found it.

Derek, however, can also smell something else. Something *off* about Stiles' scent. He still recognizes the sweet and spicy aroma that surrounds his mate permanently, but this time it's a little more... vinegary?

Derek's face screws up in mild disgust at the change. He can't place what exactly could be causing such a smell. What could possibly be making a once utterly intoxicating aroma turn harsh and, quite frankly, nauseating?

Is Stiles in some kind of danger? Is he hurt?

Suddenly Derek can't focus, his legs moving faster than his brain can catch up. He's bolting through the trees, following the scent of Stiles through the preserve more swiftly than he can ever remember running before.

It isn't long before the familiar foundations of the Hale house come into view. Since the renovations started, it's beginning to look more like it once had. It's still just basic walls and floors, but there are at least some lights now positioned around the exterior (probably for the builders who sometimes work through the night—most likely Peter's idea).

As the distance between himself and his home gets smaller, his mate's scent gets more potent, but he still can't see the boy—or even hear him for that matter.

Panic is rising from the very pit of Derek's stomach.

Before he can think better of the idea, he starts to run around the house. Eyes, ears and nose working furiously for any indication of where Stiles could be.

Not many more than ten strides in and his mate's scent punches his nostrils, knocking him for six—the sudden assault to his senses taking him by such a surprise that he fails to notice the rather large obstruction on the ground in front of him. Well, he does notice it, but only *after* he goes flying ass-over-tit.

"What the fuck?" He curses to himself as he lands less than harmoniously on his stomach in front of the offending mass.

A mass that, Derek swears on all that he possesses, has just made a noise.

This is it, he's finally gone mad.

Wait.

"*Stiles?*" He whispers in question as his gaze whips back over his shoulder.

Derek jumps to his feet and turns on his heel, looking down at the forest floor to better confirm his theory. What his eyes are greeted with is, in fact, Stiles Stilinski (as predicted), lying on his back, eyes closed, covered from neck to toes in a blanket of leaves.

Derek lets himself marvel at the discovery for a few seconds, utter confusion sweeping through him. He feels as though his brain has just fallen out of his ass.

He needs a moment to process.

Then it hits him. Derek has, quite literally, just fallen head over heels for his mate—*that* is some Shakespeare worthy shit right there, how's that for you, Laura?

It takes Derek barely another minute to also realize the reason for the sour change in the teen's scent.

His mate is completely and utterly shit-faced.

Derek rolls his eyes into his skull as he begins wiping the dried leaves and dirt off of his clothes.

Stiles had let out a slight grunt when Derek's feet had made contact with him, but otherwise makes no indication of actually noticing the altercation. If Derek couldn't now hear the boy's heartbeat, he would have believed him dead.

Derek crouches down beside the boy, not confident enough in his control to touch, so instead, he tries to get the teens attention vocally.

"Stiles." It comes out as a whisper. No idea why he's trying to keep his voice down, it's not as if anyone else is around.

"Stiles." He tries again, louder this time but still, the boy doesn't even stir.

"Stiles!" He bellows, his voice roaring through the preserve, echoing in every open space between the trees. Enough to even make him cringe.

"Whaa?!" Stiles' body shoots up into a sitting position.

Leaves and dirt fly every which way as the boy's arms flail out from where they had been buried under his earthy cocoon. He immediately regrets the sudden motion it seems, as he clutches at his forehead with a long, drawn-out groan.

"What are you doing, Stiles?"

What he really wants to know is why he is out here alone, drunk *and* attempting to sleep in a pile of leaves—he guesses the answer to the last question is related to the drunk thing but why is he here, in this precise location, exactly?

"M'look 'n frf" Stiles mumbles through the hands covering his face.

"What?" No amount of supernatural hearing could possibly decipher what just came out of Stiles' mouth.

Stiles drops his hands into his lap with a loud sigh—like it's an effort to repeat himself. His head falls forward as if his hands had been the only thing keeping it upright.

"Was lookin'... f'r you." He repeats, it's a bit more legible, but with his chin resting on his chest and his neck folded in such a way, it must be a struggle to force the words out.

Derek has to strain to hear.

Once Derek has had a chance to process the words, he can't help his breath hitching. His mate was looking for him? What possible reason could his mate be-

"Want'd ask you somefin'" As if Stiles can read his mind, he answers Derek's question.

"You... wanted to-" Derek's heart is beating something wild, one million and one possibilities rolling around in his head. "What did you want to ask me, Stiles?"

Stiles manages to lift his head. It must take some strength and focus, the apparent strain showing across his face. It seems to wobble of its own accord, so he settles for letting it loll backwards, nearly giving Derek an aneurysm. The beautiful expanse of alabaster skin now on display in front of him is making all thoughts of questions just fly away.

He's close enough to touch, close enough to rub his scruff-

"Why'd d'your eyes go blue?"

Derek snaps out of his gradual advance towards the boy's throat. Pausing in leaning forward and scenting his mate, tasting his flesh, running his cheek and tongue over-

What did Stiles just say?

Derek must be showing something resembling confusion as he doesn't even get a chance to ask Stiles to elaborate.

"Your... your eyes. When you sa-said my name in the... in the woods the time me and Sco...tie were looking fo-for that body, they went like blue." Stiles makes a flashing gesture with his hand. "I thought I was just 'maging it, that the moon had just hit them and made them shine o-or something but... but now that I can see you up close, your... your eyes are green. It wasn't the moon." Stiles rambles on as if he's just talking about the weather. Stumbling over his words and hiccupping every few as the liquor catches up with him.

Derek hadn't even realized. Surely he would have felt it? Had he been so distracted that he let that happen? Was that why Stiles had looked at him strangely that night? He distinctly remembers thinking that Stiles was looking at him... knowingly? He had been so worried about his confession to the boy that he never even thought of the possibility that Stiles had seen him close to his Beta form.

Now that Derek thinks about it, the boy's heart had skipped a beat when he had said his name. That must have been why. His wolf must have come out subconsciously. Saying his mate's name must have been enough to cement the bond.

Mother Moon kill him now.

Derek must have zoned out while quietly having his meltdown, for when he comes back to reality, it is to his mate's face mere millimetres away from his own—close enough that he can feel Stiles' breath ghosting his skin. A pleasant shiver rolls down his spine but turns into an electric shock as it

hits his core, jolting him backwards. He lands unceremoniously on his ass in the dirt—this better not be becoming a theme for the evening.

Stiles huffs out a laugh.

"You're jumpy aren't ya? Don't worry, M'not gonna hurt ya."

Ha, he has no idea.

"I'm not jumpy. I just don't appreciate strangers being in my personal space." Derek snaps through clenched teeth.

He tries to calm his rapidly beating heart as he stands once again, not chancing going back to his crouched position, just in case Stiles attempts to break down the boundaries of personal space once more.

"Are so. You ran last time too. What, did me and my buddy scare ya?" Stiles lets out a little chuckle, and it has no frickin' right to be as adorable as it is—especially when it's at Derek's expense.

"No, no you didn't," Derek answers before he, Gods forbid, decides to do something stupid—like crack a smile.

"Anyways, what are you doing out here on your own? And what are you doing drinking at your age?" And Hells bells does Derek sound like an old fart right now.

"Pft, okay daaad! It's my birfday; I wanted to celre-celbr-celebrate!"

It's getting kind of painful watching Stiles stutter out his words, but alas, Derek prevails.

"On your own?"

"M'not on my own? You're here." Stiles' eyes focus directly on Derek from where he is still sitting in his leafy fort, he looks a little more in control of his body and is actually able to hold his neck steady while he gazes at Derek's face.

Those beautiful, bright doe eyes, glistening with the light emanating from the side of the house. Derek can see his whole future unravelling in those deep, amber-tinged depths. The utterly jovial smile gracing the teen's face holds enough power to make Derek's knees weaken, threatening to drop him to the floor and beg for the privilege of acting on his mates every whim.

If he hadn't yet decided what he's going to do, this very moment would have decided it. He knows, at this very second while staring down at his true mate, he'll never forgive himself if he doesn't at least *try* to claim this boy. Derek is already besotted. He can't fight it.

"Help me up?" Stiles stretches out his arms and proceeds to make grabby hands in Derek's direction, snapping Derek, once again, out of his unholy train of thought.

Derek shakes his head to better clear his mind. Stiles is still young, that fact hasn't changed.

A faux sigh leaves Derek's lips as if it isn't a complete honour to be asked for help by his mate.

He bypasses Stiles' hands and instead leans down to wrap his arms around the boys back, his neck now dangerously close to the teen's throat—he makes that realization too late, however. Stiles takes the aid as it comes and wraps his outstretched arms over Derek's shoulders, closing the

distance between Derek's face and the crook of Stiles' delicate neck.

Derek cannot help the subconscious inhale. By the Gods does he want to just wrap himself up in that scent. He does what his instinct dictates and gently rubs his scruff along the boy's cheek as he goes to hook his chin over the boy's shoulder. This earns him a shudder, and the smallest exhale of breath into his ear—this really isn't helping Derek's control.

Before he can give himself enough time to really fuck things up, he lifts the boy to his feet, only holding on long enough to make sure he is steady and able to hold himself up.

He goes to pull away, but Stiles continues to cling on. Derek takes his hands off of Stiles in an attempt to back up, but the boy seems content with just hugging him for dear life.

"Stiles. You... you can let go now." Derek tries with an unsteady breath.

His wolf is vibrating inside him. With his mate so close and expelling nothing but pure comfort with being wrapped around Derek's body, it's driving the beast wild with triumph.

"Don't wanna. Warm." He mumbles into Derek's shoulder. The humid air of his breath clinging to Derek's skin, seeping through to his very bones.

Derek gives in. He wraps his arms around his mate, returning the embrace. His mate is cold, he can feel it even through his multiple layers of plaid and graphic tees, so it's in Derek's instincts to warm him—to provide for him; however he can.

This is fine. This is innocent. It's just a hug. It could be seen as platonic—nothing sexual about it. Surely the law doesn't forbid comforting a minor in this way. Does it?

Except, in Derek's momentary collapse in judgement, Stiles' scent has changed again.

Oh shit.

Derek pulls away sharply, ignoring the grumble of discontent from Stiles.

He has to leave, has to go home. Has to get as far away from here as he can. He cannot be in Stiles' presence with that... that smell. Trying to resist his natural scent is one thing, but the smell coming off him at this very second goes way beyond Derek's capabilities of control.

Arousal.

God's above. Derek cannot be smelling *that*. Not right now. This boy is... just that, *a boy*. Plus, he's drunk and most likely has absolutely no idea what is actually going on.

How could Derek be so stupid? He should have turned around and walked away while he had the chance. Now he has that intense spicy, sickly-sweet aroma mixed with that unmistakable thick musk permeating into every single fibre of his clothing. No amount of washing the fabric is going to get that smell saturated enough for his wolf senses not to notice.

Curse you, Mother Moon.

Derek goes to turn, his flight mode finally kicking in. But, he doesn't get far before long nimble fingers grab at his arm.

"Don't go. M' sorry. I only wanted to know why your eyes went blue, I... I didn't mean to 'nnoy you. I'll go... I'll not come back. Promise." Stiles' tone is dripping with hopelessness; his whole

aura has changed from warmly contented to the cold, bitterness of thinking his intimacy is being rejected.

Derek whines high in his throat. Hurting his mate is not his intention, he doesn't want Stiles to feel any sort of distress nor does he want him to leave thinking it's because he has done something wrong, but Derek knows he can't stay here. He can't risk the possibility of losing control.

"You haven't annoyed me, Stiles." He says it with as much sincerity as he can, to soothe the boy's anxiety. "It's late. We should both be getting home." Derek continues without turning to face the boy.

Of course, that proves pointless. Stiles just walks around into his view anyway. This boy, *seriously*.

"That's probably a good idea. M'tired... and really cold." The boy agrees as his hands run up and down his arms to try and take the edge off the crisp autumn air.

Derek can visibly see Stiles shiver—and he can't have that.

He huffs once again (even though he's the opposite of put out—not really anyway), and focuses his attention on providing for his mate's needs.

The scent of anticipated sexual contact has simmered down slightly. While it's still clinging to his clothes, it isn't wafting directly from the boy now that they have separated, so perhaps he can last a little longer in the teen's presence—at least to see the boy to safety.

He unzips his leather jacket and peels it over his arms, wrapping it around the shivering teen, even as he goes to protest.

"No... no, you'll get cold."

How sweet.

"Wolve- eh, I... I don't feel the cold... much." Derek catches himself before the slip, hopefully managing to save himself from a premature revelation.

Now is not the time for that, even *if* the boy won't remember a thing in the morning.

"Thank you, Derek."

Derek puffs out his chest—he can't help it, okay? He's satisfied with pleasing his mate.

Derek lets the corners of his lips turn upward. A private smile, only to be seen by Stiles.

"No problem." Derek lets himself stare into those whiskey coloured orbs once more before pulling his hands away from where they are holding onto the jacket's lapels.

Stiles' gaze doesn't leave Derek; he seems to be assessing Derek in his entirety.

Appeased with what he sees, he smiles fondly before breaking the silence.

"So... how do I get out of here?"

"The same way you came in?" Derek retorts.

"Ha. Ha. Very funny, Der-ek!"

Derek lets out a breath that could be seen as a laugh. Or at least as close to a laugh as Derek is willing to let go.

"Come on; I'll walk you home."

Derek knows it's probably not the best idea, but the thought of leaving his mate to wander his way home in this state, in the dark, seems like an even worse idea.

"My hero." Stiles says as he dramatically clutches his chest, fluttering his eyelashes exaggeratedly as if playing the damsel in distress.

Derek shakes his head fondly, maybe even rolls his eyes too for effect. Gods, this boy is something else.

"We just need to get Scottie and then we can go."

Derek freezes.

Stiles can't possibly mean that his friend (the other boy from their first encounter in these very same woods) has been around here somewhere *this whole time* and thought it prudent to only mention it now?

Worse than that, another human has been on Derek's territory for the past... however long this encounter has taken, and Derek didn't even notice?

Surely Stiles is just confused. Derek can't see or hear anyone els-

Wait.

There, silently thumping away in the distant background, is indeed a third heartbeat.

Fuck.

How could he have let himself get so distracted? He's been so wrapped up in his mate's scent, in his mates... everything, that he didn't even notice another body in the area. Anyone could have snuck upon them. Anyone could have been wandering these woods; hunters, other wolves, any supernatural creature that may wish either of them harm and Derek. Didn't. Even. Notice.

He mentally berates himself for being so careless. How could he possibly hope of winning over his mate if he cannot even focus enough to detect possible threats—if he cannot even keep his mate safe?

His wolf whines at his failure. He is right; he doesn't deserve this.

"I'm sorry, Stiles. I-"

"What are you apologizing for?" Stiles sounds confused.

Of course he does, he doesn't realize the error Derek has just made *or* the significance of said error.

Derek looks at Stiles' face and sees no disappointment. How could anyone blame him for being so distracted? When the most beautiful soul is standing in front of him; trusting him enough to hold him, to allow him to escort him home in his vulnerable state. His true mate *trusts him*. Is curious enough about him to risk all possible danger to come into the woods in the pitch black to seek him out. He was fixated enough on what happened in their first encounter that he felt the burning need to confront Derek, even after all these months.

Derek surely can't be blamed for his momentary collapse in proper brain function. Peter wouldn't blame him at least, and he is sure, at that moment, that even if Stiles knew everything about werewolves and their instincts, he wouldn't blame Derek either.

Derek takes a deep breath. The sooner he gets his mate home and tucked up in bed, the quicker he can get home and actually get his head around this whole thing. Perhaps even take up his uncle's offer to better train him in the fine art of self-control.

Either way, he has to do *something*. He can't keep running the risk of putting his mate in danger. Especially when it is now quite clear that the whole avoiding him until he's eighteen has gone entirely out the window—Stiles doesn't seem to want to adhere to that unspoken plan. So, if he learns control, at least he may be able to actually be around his mate—if the boy decides again to grace Derek with his presence (which he has no doubt)—and not feel the constant urge to fuck him into oblivion.

"Where exactly is your friend?" Derek breaks his own thoughts; he is being his own worst enemy letting his mind wander in these long bouts of silence.

"Erm, I am not sure. He was beside me not long ago but I- I dunno." Stiles answers, subtle panic lacing his words.

"We'll find him." Derek assures the boy before he has a chance to work himself into a frenzy.

What he really means to say though is that *he* will find him. Now he has shaken away his thoughts and cleared his head; he should easily be able to sniff out the boy (or at the very least follow his steady heartbeat).

Derek knows Scott's not in trouble—his hearts slow rhythm of thumps suggest he may actually be sleeping, or close to it. Either way, he's alive, but he may have possibly passed out.

That's all he needs.

Derek takes a deep inhale, making sure Stiles doesn't witness the action, lest he have to explain why he is casually sniffing the air like a dog (or wolf), but he can't seem to catch any other scent. Only Stiles and the crisp autumn leaves blanketing the forest floor. His senses are still malfunctioning it appears.

So, he settles for following the gentle *beat, beat, beat*.

"Scottie!" Stiles hollers, clearly trying (and failing) to get his friends attention.

Derek does *not* jump at his mate's sudden and unrestrained volume, not at all.

"Stiles, just... stay here. I'll find him. Just go... just go sit on the porch. I'll come and get you when I find him." Derek looks at the boy and decides to add, "Don't. *Move*."

Derek tries to assert some form of dominance. He knows the boy isn't exactly one to follow the rules, but hopefully, he can get him to stay put long enough for Derek to seek out the missing teen *supernaturally*.

He is at least confident in the fact that he will, under no uncertain terms, be able to *hear* his mate call out if he's in danger. Not that Derek is planning on leaving him alone for long.

"Okay, okay." Stiles puts up his hands in mock surrender as he begins retreating towards the front step. "Just hurry, m' freezing."

Bossy.

"I mean it, Stiles. Stay here." Derek tries again, knowing his mate is most likely already planning on disobeying the request.

"Yes, Derek." Stiles promises with a petulant little salute. Derek rolls his eyes and sets off in the direction of Scottie.

~

It takes Derek longer than he'd hoped to find the other boy. How he's managed to wander this far away from his friend in the state he's in is actually quite impressive.

However, from the look of it, the boy has tripped over a fallen tree branch. Instead of getting up again, he succumbed to his fate and taken to resting his eyes while sprawled haphazardly across the forest floor—much like Stiles had been when Derek found him.

Derek can see why the two boys are so compatible as friends; they are both as clumsy and hopeless as each other it would seem.

Derek lets out an exasperated sigh—a recurring action of the night it would appear. He extends his foot to tap the side of one of Scott's limbs—he can't really be sure if it's a leg or an arm with the way the teen is all tangled up.

The boy doesn't stir, just grunts.

Derek laughs to himself. These two are made for each other.

"Scott. Get up. I'm taking you home." Derek says with a hint of command. There is no doubt he will sleep like a log after the events of tonight.

"No, Sti. I'm sleepin'" Scott mumbles as he pulls his spread-eagled limbs closer to his body as if trying to cuddle in.

"I am not Stiles. And you can't be asleep if you're talking. Get up so I can take you both home." Derek tries again.

His will to live is draining from him with every passing second; what sin has he committed in his life to deserve being saddled with two stubborn, drunken teenagers?

Scott turns his head and opens his eyes to the realization that he isn't actually talking to his friend as he had thought. Derek is prepared for fear, perhaps a little bit of flailing or maybe even having to chase the boy down when he decides to up and bolt from the strange man now looming over him. What he isn't prepared for is...

"Oh, hi, Der'k. Stiles want'd talk to you." Scott says nonchalantly, no hint of fright or even confusion.

Derek just did not expect that. Especially from the boy who near shit himself with fear the first time they met in the preserve a few months ago. Huh, alcohol really must give you more confidence, or maybe it just wholly wipes out any resemblance of self-preservation.

"Did he now? What did he want to talk to me about?" Derek is just curious to see if Stiles told his friend the reasoning for seeking him out—the supernatural reasoning.

"Hm? Oh, erm, he thinks you're... hot." Scott says with what Derek perceives as a grimace.

Well, Stiles hadn't indulged him in that little piece of info. That would explain the reaction he'd had to Derek picking him up and holding him. Oh, and the shiver as Derek had scented him. Interesting. *Very* interesting.

"Yeah, he said he want'd to get all up in that..." Scott continues as he gestures a hand to signify the whole of Derek. "... and I told him that was waaaay too much information... but he was determined to see you again. Somethin' about your *beautiful eyes*. Ugh."

Derek can't help his preening; he's glad Scott can't see in the dark because he must have the smuggest, self-satisfied grin across his face.

It also means that Stiles hadn't told his friend about seeing Derek's eyes flash blue, or if he had, Scott doesn't seem to remember it. At least he doesn't have to worry about two teenagers learning about the supernatural, just one—the one who seems good at keeping secrets.

"Well, I am flattered, but I really should be getting you two—"

"You... you betrayer!"

Derek turns sharply to see Stiles standing a few feet away from him. Mother Moon, his *superhuman* senses really have gone to shit.

Of course, the disobedient little shit couldn't stay put. Derek can't find it in himself to actually be surprised; he's just quietly berating himself for not noticing the boy sooner.

"M' sorry bud. He did ask." Scottie replies to Stiles' outburst, not even the slightest bit stunned at his friend's sudden appearance.

This boy really shouldn't drink, nothing seems to faze him in this state—Derek could be wolfed out right now, and he wouldn't even bat an eyelash (he isn't going to chance it, however).

"That's... that's not the point, man. It's number one rule of bro code." Stiles whines, his voice is quieting to an almost whisper as he stumbles forward to get closer to them both.

How he managed to, one; get this far without injuring himself and, two; find them (considering Derek had found Scott at least half a mile away from where he'd left Stiles at the Hale house) is seriously an incredible feat. This boy is truly a wonder.

"*Bro code*?" Derek mouths to himself as he watches, in silence, the two teens talk among themselves as if he isn't even present.

"Twasn't 'xactly a secret, Sti. Y' said it quite loudly in the school hallway." Scott mumbles, letting his head fall back down into the leaves, closing his eyes once more as if this conversation is taking up way too much energy.

"I didn't say it loudly. I whispered." Stiles tries, but at the raised eyebrows and side-eye looks from both Scott *and* Derek, he starts to backtrack his statement. "Okay, maybe I said it a *lil* loud." Eyebrows going impossibly higher. "Fine, I said it loudly, buuuut that's not the point. You told him I thought he was... attractive. You... you don't do that, man."

Derek hears no lie. He allows himself the triumphant smile—directed towards the ground, of course.

"Stiles, he jus' said he was flattered." Scottie says with a sigh, the subtext being; "*just shut up and let me sleep*".

"Yeah but- Wait, really?" Stiles pivots (flails) on the spot and directs his attention to Derek for the first time since his arrival.

Derek startles for a moment. He had slowly allowed himself to stare off into infinite space as the two had their mostly one-sided rant.

He doesn't want to have this conversation; he just wants to go home at this point.

"Of course I am. Why wouldn't I be?" Derek answers honestly.

"You're... you're gay?" Stiles asks while looking at Derek like he's just spouted horns, and Gods almighty he definitely *is not* having *this* conversation.

"Just because I am flattered with you finding me attractive, does not mean I am gay, Stiles. A compliment is a compliment, no matter who it comes from." That is the best Derek can do to try put this topic to bed.

Stiles looks... disappointed. Not the answer he'd been hoping for.

"Oh." Is all he replies.

Derek looks at him, but Stiles' eyes are cast to the floor. Derek can physically see the wheels turning in Stiles' head. He can *feel* the tension in the boy's muscles from where his fingers are pulled tightly into fists—probably distracting himself from asking more questions.

Scott interrupts before Derek can cave and tell his mate that he finds him attractive too.

"Not that I don't absolutely love watchin' this Romeo and Juliet shit happenin' here, it's beautiful, really... but I can't feel m'toes."

Derek's attention snaps back to the boy on the floor, having to halt himself from growling at the interruption.

He has no idea how the teen can possibly be displaying such a sense of comfort with the way he is on the floor, but he guesses that's another effect of too much liquor.

Derek stretches out his hand for the boy to grab onto. When he doesn't make any move to take his hand, and instead raises one eyebrow as if to say; "*what the fuck am I supposed to do with that?*" Derek huffs and drops lower to offer his upper body as support.

Scott grabs onto Derek's biceps and lets the older man pull him to his feet. Thankfully, he doesn't have the penchant for cuddling as Stiles does; instead, he just wobbles furiously before finding his bearings.

"Geez, you're strong. S' strong." The boy mumbles as he steadies himself—only *after* he's had enough of squeezing Derek's muscles because this whole situation isn't exactly weird enough.

The boy blinks harshly a few times, probably trying to acclimatize himself after being on the ground for so long with his eyes closed.

"Right, homeward bound!" Scott goes to take a step forward as he speaks, but misses entirely and barrels straight into Derek.

Derek only *just* manages to catch the teen before he takes them both down.

"Shit, how much exactly have you had to drink?" Derek asks, now genuinely concerned with how much alcohol the two had to actually consume to get like this.

"Just a lil'" Scott answers (which is a lie) as he makes a gesture with his thumb and forefinger in front of Derek's face to show Derek how much he thinks he's drank.

Derek just rolls his eyes. It's not his place to scold them.

"Come on, let's get you two home."

Derek attempts to stand Scott up straight, but the boy is having none of it and instead decides to sling his arm over Derek's shoulder for support while he walks. Derek huffs but just gives in to the inevitable—at least this way he can set the pace.

"Holy shit, you do have beautiful eyes." Scott whispers as he gets way too close to the wolf's face for his comfort.

Derek jerks his head back to highlight the importance of personal space. Derek would swear these two are twins, or even clones, had they not looked so utterly different.

"Told ya." Derek hears a small voice coming from behind them. Stiles is now smiling to himself—as if he's just won a prize.

Derek can't help smiling back.

"Right, let's go." Derek says, once again.

He thinks for a second.

"Do you need help too?" He asks his mate.

The boy obviously had enough of his senses together to make his way from the house to where they are all standing now without too much difficulty. But he just wants to be sure—obeying instinct and all that.

Stiles mulls it over for a second.

"Nah, m' not as bad as him. I'll... I'll be fine. But, I'm counting on you rescuing me if I overestimate my abilities." Stiles says as he comes up to stand on the other side of Derek—the one that Scott is not currently falling asleep and drooling on.

"Always."

Stiles beams at him, had it not been pitch black, Derek is sure he would have seen a lovely blush creep over the boy's face.

Derek clears his throat and starts to haul the dead weight plastered to the side of him towards the exit to the preserve. Stiles follows, letting his arm casually brush up against Derek's without thought and never straying too far from Derek's side.

How it should be.

Warning:

The underage drinking tag is relevant to this chapter, don't read if that bothers you.

Hope you liked it, there's more on the way very soon—like in the next minute!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

No self-preservation to be seen here. None whatsoever.

Chapter Notes

Boom, shit's getting spicy up in HERE!

Right so, go to the endnotes for a slight warning—I didn't want to ruin it for everyone, so I've put them at the end. I would suggest, though, that if nothing really bothers you then just read on.

This chapter is shorter than the last, but it's kind of my favourite so far—for reasons you will see!

However, while it is the chapter I like most, I have no doubt that it is the one with the most mistakes, because I sort of rushed it, sorry, but I got impatient.

Again, all editing and proofreading are done by me blah, blah, blah; you get it by now.

Since I started posting on here I've grown a bit more confident in my own abilities, I'm still nowhere near being good or even halfway to where I want to be, but I really hope I can continue and just get better along the way—I'm having so much fun. So, without getting too sappy, thanks to everyone who has read my stuff so far, I hope I can give you enough reason to stick around!

I really hope you enjoy this—comments and kudos much appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After what seems like forever, Derek finally manages to get a now practically immobile Scott to the front door of his house.

The teen had lasted all the way to the edge of the preserve before his legs had caved in and Derek decided it'd be easier for all involved if he just carried the boy—bridle style. It had almost been worth it just for the laugh he got out of Stiles for his efforts.

To anyone who came across the trio, they would have had an absolute treat with what they saw. Scott flopping bonelessly in Derek's arms, Stiles stopping every few moments to crease over in hilarity and Derek cursing the heavens for giving him the need to leave the house tonight.

Of course, it's all for show on Derek's part, but no one needs to know that but him—and Mother Moon.

With Derek's strength, the teen doesn't exactly weigh much, so that isn't an issue. However, he isn't overly keen with the prospect of someone seeing him carrying not only a minor but a passed out

drunk minor, through the town.

Thankfully, they seemed to manage okay with getting from the preserve to Scott's house without being confronted—it is the middle of the night after all.

Derek shakes the boy awake in his arms, giving him a warning that he is about to set him down. He helps him steady himself, then keeps his hand at the centre of his back for support while the teen scrambles through his pockets for his keys.

"Ah, ha!" Scott hollers triumphantly, then covers his mouth with his free hand when he realises he is being too loud. "Shh, shh. Don't wanna wake my mom." Scott whispers to Derek and Stiles, both of whom have said absolutely nothing.

"Ring me tomorrow, Scottie, so I know you didn't die through the night." Stiles says quietly as if talking to a small child—he has somehow sobered considerably since earlier, probably all the laughing.

"Yessir." Scott mock salutes before fumbling with the key in the keyhole. Derek takes pity on him one last time and does it for him, opening the door and ushering the boy inside without actually crossing the threshold himself.

Once inside, Scott leans against the door frame for support as Derek's hand leaves his back. He gives off a blinding grin and waves his final goodbyes before shutting the door.

Derek can hear the teen wobble on his feet on the other side of the door, tripping over something and cursing. He can't help but laugh internally. Not his problem now.

He just hopes the boy manages to get to bed without too much injury, if only because he is Stiles' friend and he doesn't want to feel responsible for anything happening to his mate's best friend.

"Will he be alright?" Derek asks. Unsure whether Stiles wants to go home or stay and help the other teen to bed.

Stiles seems to think on it a moment while grimacing.

"Yeahhh. He's tough as nails. No doubt the noise he is making will wake up Melissa, and she will put him to bed. She will probably put out a witch hunt for me tomorrow though... but it'll be fine." Stiles replies with faux confidence.

"You don't make a habit of this, do you, Stiles?" Derek isn't sure if it's a statement or a question. Either way, he hopes the answer is no.

Not that Derek is some old fuddy-duddy who presumes to tell teenagers what they can and cannot do, teens will be teens and had Derek the ability to get drunk; he probably would have done it underage too. It's not exactly right, but it happens.

However, he still doesn't like the idea of his mate being out here and *vulnerable*.

"Erm, no. This is our first time, actually." Stiles is telling the truth but is rubbing the back of his neck as if he is nervous, or maybe embarrassed.

Derek can breathe a sigh of relief—for now at least.

"Well, just... be careful. You don't know who could have been wandering about those woods at this time of night. It sets me on edge you traipsing around there sober let alone like *this*. Anyone

could... could have taken advantage." Derek doesn't care if he sounds like a scolding father; he just wants his mate to realise the danger he could have put himself in.

It seems to resonate somewhere in the teen for a moment, as the full force of Derek's words settle in.

"Aw, Der. Are you worried about my virtue?" Stiles makes a show again of playing the damsel in distress; however, it doesn't take away the happiness wafting off him at Derek's caring lecture.

"Stiles, you know that's not... that's not-"

"I know, Derek. I'm joking. You needn't worry, though. Had something happened, you would have been my knight in shining armour, I'm sure of it."

No self-preservation to be seen here. None whatsoever.

"You can't always rely on other saving you, Stiles. Had I stayed at home tonight, you may have been in that pile of leaves until morning. Just... Gods, just, *please*... be more careful." Derek sounds close to begging.

He knows Stiles probably won't heed his warnings, and just carry on doing whatever he pleases anyways—he is just that kind of mischievous youth—but Derek needs the boy to, at the very least, take a second to think on the risks of his actions next time.

This boy is definitely going to keep Derek on his toes; there is no doubt about it.

"I promise." It's soft and barely there, but Derek hears the sincerity and nods his approval.

"You said..." The boy says softly like he's contemplating something.

"What?"

"*Gods*. Plural. Are you Hindu? Or... Wiccan? Or something?"

Derek sighs. In one ear and out the other it seems.

"Or something." He states.

"Oh, okay." Stiles, he can see, wants to question him further but thanks to Derek's curt answer, seems reluctant to pry.

When nothing else is said, Derek makes his move to start walking back down Scott's garden path, content he has given enough scolding's for one night and is quite happy with *not* getting into another *almost* supernatural conversation.

"Let's get you home."

Stiles follows, nodding as he tries to keep up with Derek's strides.

~

They walk in silence the short distance from Scott's house to Stiles'. It should have been awkward, but it somehow feels comfortable. Like they are both just relishing in the presence of each other, not needing words to show their contentment.

It makes Derek's wolf feel all warm and fuzzy inside. He feels more at ease at this moment than he

has for longer than he can remember, positively more relaxed than he has been in the last four months since he first discovered his true mate.

They both gradually come to a stop as they approach Stiles' front door. The only car in the driveway is a baby blue jeep—Stiles', Derek knows from when he had seen the boy driving to or from school. Derek breathes a sigh of relief at the lack of police cruiser, at least he won't have to worry about the Sheriff walking out and shooting him.

"So, erm... this is me." Stiles starts; he sounds nervous. Like he isn't sure what to say but wants to say something. Anything. Holy shit, the boy is speechless.

"I'll see you around, Stiles." He nods to the teen. "I'll wait here to make sure you get in okay. Don't want to leave and have you brain yourself on the doorstep with me not here to *save* you."

Derek had turned to leave but had thought better of it as soon as his body twisted.

He is itching to stay in Stiles' presence for as long as possible—he just disguises his need with humour or an attempt at it anyway. He can afford this one last luxury.

Stiles smiles and nods as he takes his keys out of his pocket to open the door. He pushes it open and stands still for what seems like too long.

Derek is about to open his mouth to ask what's wrong when he suddenly has an arm full of... *mate*.

Stiles has gone from being one foot in his front door to being pressed chest to chest with Derek within lightning speed. Faster than Derek has ever seen someone intoxicated move before—hell, faster than he has known any *human* to move.

One of the boy's arms wraps around Derek's shoulder, while the other hand is at the back of his head; long, nimble fingers tangled up in his hair, grabbing the strands with just the right amount of force, sending a shockwave of pleasure straight to Derek's core.

Derek notices that his own hands are placed firmly around the boy's waist, his fingers digging in, firm enough to leave a mark but probably not enough to bruise. The action came to him automatically with the lack of time he had to think about it.

They are pressed together, chest to chest, toes to toes, sharing in each others body heat. Close enough to share breath.

Derek barely has any more of a second to wonder what Stiles is doing before the boys plush lips covered his own. Firm and backed up with all the passion the boy possesses as if his very soul is invested in this one brief moment.

Derek startles, his eyes flying wide in surprise. He keeps them open; he can't do anything otherwise, as he marvels at the sight before him. His mate, eyes closed, completely blissed out, enjoying this intimacy with Derek.

It's, unfortunately, over before he could even protest. Not that he wanted too, even though he should have. Gods above he should be pushing the teen away, he should be telling him no—not because he doesn't want his mates lips on him, Mother Moon does he ever, but because he is still only *seventeen*.

Derek knows this, he is reciting it like a mantra in his head over and over again (has been all evening), but he still doesn't want this to ever end.

He is already bound for hell; he knows that, so, why not go there with at least having tasted what he could have had. Or still can have.

Fuck it, when exactly has he ever played by the rules?

Stiles pulls back and sees Derek's eyes are on him. Searching. His scent breeches embarrassment as he stutters.

"I'm sorry... I..." Attempting to put distance between him and Derek, smelling instantly of regret.

Derek is having none of that.

He tightens his grip on the teen, revelling in the little hitch of breath he receives. The look of surprise mixed with, perhaps, a little touch of fear flitting over the beautiful boy's features.

Derek doesn't let him dwell on what he is about to do for too long, doesn't let the boy conjure up all the different scenarios he no doubt will be thinking of as to why Derek is holding him in such a bruising grip before he surges forward and lays claim to his mate's mouth.

There is nothing chaste or innocent about this kiss, oh no, it's pure, white-hot, sugar-soaked lust.

Primal.

Derek's wolf is hungry to taste his mate, and he isn't about to disappoint the beast.

He smirks against Stiles' lips as the boy whimpers and mewls into Derek's mouth. The teen doesn't even bother trying to keep up, just tilts his head to give Derek the access he needs to devour him. Permitting him to take everything—body and soul, allowing Derek's tongue to explore his mouth without any hint of anything other than pure want.

Derek has died and gone to heaven. It's one thing smelling and touching his mate, but a completely different thing being able to taste him. He is sweet, under the still present layers of rum and cola, he tastes like everything Derek could have hoped for. Everything he ever imagined. He just tastes like... home. If anyone asks, he wouldn't be able to find enough words to explain it. It's unlike anything he has ever experienced.

He regrets rolling his eyes whenever Laura or his parents had mentioned the phenomenon of true mates—colour him a fucking believer. It's absolute bliss.

Derek's teeth bite into Stiles bottom lip, not enough to make it bleed but enough to entice the most obscene moan from the boy's throat.

This boy will be the death of him, and Derek can't find it in himself to care—what a wonderful way to go.

With one last soothing lick over his mate's now swollen, kiss-bruised lips, Derek retreats. Even with his mate's noise of disapproval at the loss of contact, he has to quit while he is ahead before things escalate the way he desperately wants—by the way they both want if the bulge in Stiles' jeans is anything to go by.

He cannot help feeling smug for the way Stiles is gulping in breaths of air, utterly debauched and Derek hasn't even truly started.

As much as he wants to thoroughly ruin this boy for anyone else, to claim him, to have him writhing and panting under him, begging for release... he can't. Not in good conscience, anyway.

He should probably be disturbed at the realisation that the reason he isn't doing just that is more now because of the boy's recent intake of alcohol, instead of the original reservations being because he's underage.

Thankfully, Derek's wolf seems satisfied enough with what it has been offered. Enough so that Derek can walk away, still fully human and in control. Blue balled, yes, but in control.

Stiles is looking at him as if he has just given him the moon and he can't help displaying one last show of affection—running his hand down the side of the boy's cheek, and feeling the heated flush against his palm. His thumb smoothing over the boy's bottom lip, following the movement closely with his eyes.

When Stiles sticks out his tongue to run it over the digit, Derek can't hold back his approving purr.

"Goodnight, Stiles." His voice husky, proving that he may be just as close to falling apart as Stiles is.

He drops his arm. Puts both his hands into his jean pockets and leaves, not daring to look back in case he convinces himself to stay—or Stiles does.

After a few moments, when he rounds the corner out of sight, he hears his mate snap out of his dumbstruck stupor long enough to make his way into his house.

He trips going up the stairs, mind obviously still in the clouds, but otherwise manages to safely make his way to his bedroom.

It doesn't take long before the telltale signs of their mutual *frustration* proves too much for the boy to ignore.

If Derek lingers a few meters away, listening to his mate moaning out his name, well, no one needs to know.

Chapter End Notes

So, slight warning (contains spoilers):

As I mentioned at the bottom of a few chapters previous, there is no underage tag but Stiles is under 18 at this point in the story. It wasn't really relevant then, but it is now. For me personally, Stiles is not seen as a minor in my country, he is perfectly legal, but I know that's not the case in most other countries, especially the USA, so, I am just re-warning you. Please, do not read if this disturbs or offends you.

However, I will say that the only things that happen in this chapter is a very passionate kiss and a little bit more of Derek's very sexual inner monologue, just so you are aware of the contents before jumping in. There is also reference to Derek listening to Stiles masturbate, so again, if that bothers you, don't proceed.

Not much really bothers or offends me personally, but I know it's not the same for others, so I'm just trying to keep a safe space for all.

Anyways, please let me know if you think any more tags should be added or you think anything should be corrected or revised.

Thank you for reading!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

As predicted, Derek slept like a pup after the events of the previous eve.

Of course, that was after he reacquainted himself with his right hand—many, many times.

Chapter Notes

Apologies to anyone who is actually following this; I lost interest for a while and couldn't think of what to write, but we are back and hopefully going to be a bit more consistent in the future. I really hope I can make it up to you with the three new chapters I will be posting over the weekend.

There are a few warnings for this chapter, but I will have to put them in the endnotes like last time so as not to spoil the story.

Not sure if any of y'all had noticed, but I kind of don't like Scott. However, I'm not petty, so I'm not exactly making him into an asshole like I see him portrayed in some fics out there, instead, he's going to be the opposite of the brave Alpha he is in the show, and he's getting a bit of a shit time. Sorry, not sorry.

I'm gonna have to start cutting and pasting this shit because I say it every time, all mistakes are mine, I will correct anything if you tell me to, no problemo.

As always, Peter Hale is my God, so he's like a proper hero in this chapter—as always really—so fingers crossed that's okay with you. If not, I'd just skip this altogether.

Anyhoo, without risking spoiling too much of the story, there is a part in the middle (you will know where i mean when you read it) where the timeline is a bit iffy. Let's just assume it happens over a few minutes, instead of like hours which it seems like when you read it.

I hope you enjoy this chapter; i have two more on their way before Sunday!

Thanks for reading.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As predicted, Derek slept like a pup after the events of the previous eve.

Of course, that was *after* he reacquainted himself with his right hand—many, *many* times.

The memory of hearing his name falling from his mate's lips amidst his own throes of passion, the taste of his mate's sinful tongue. The *smell*. Gods, the smell that is still clinging to the Henley he had worn had been more than enough material to bring himself off probably a few times too many

—at least by human standards.

Derek doesn't care, he is on cloud nine, and nothing is going to ruin that for him, least of all a bit of chafing.

Peter had just smirked at him when he finally got back to The Loft from his little galivant in the woods. The dopey grin on his face must have been enough for his uncle to know precisely where he had been.

Derek hardly smiles, not since what happened to their family, so Peter must have suspected something truly sensational had happened to render him in such a state of twitter-pated bliss. He just took one glance at Derek as he had walked through the apartment, let his signature smirk grace his features, and then went back to his reading—leaving Derek to float quite contentedly up to his room to reminisce.

However, it's now the next morning, and Derek is not so naive as to believe his uncle's silence will stay that way. He knows, as soon as he goes downstairs for breakfast, he will be bombarded with the usual line of snarky remarks. If Derek is honest, he is in too much of a good mood to let that bother him; he may even really put the shits up his uncle and actually join in with the teasing—now that might shut the man up.

Derek smiles to himself at the thought. He knows he has stayed in bed longer than usual already and his wolf is starting to get restless with his idleness so he may as well get this over with sooner rather than later.

He can hear Peter pottering about in the kitchen. The clock on his wall is showing ten, so the man has most likely been there for a few hours already, but Derek had been too deep in his slumber to notice.

Throwing back the covers and leaping out of bed with a bit more of a spring in his step than usual, he sets about getting cleaned and dressed.

After not too much more of a delay, he makes his way down the spiral stairs—if he hops off the last few steps like he had done as a boy of thirteen, well, Stiles is to blame for that.

"Morning, my dearest Nephew." Peter purrs from where he stands in the kitchen.

Derek can hear him from where he is making his way through the sitting room. His uncle most likely thinks he is trying to avoid his teasing by stalling close to the stairs. Not today, uncle mine, not today.

"Good morning, my most *favourite* Uncle." Derek replies as he enters the kitchen, he doesn't fail to notice the way his Alpha freezes in his movements, his shoulders tensing at the sound of his chipper attitude.

Derek: one, Peter: nil.

"Someone is uncharacteristically happy." Peter turns his head over his shoulder to look at Derek, most likely checking him over for any signs of intoxication. "I dare say it looks good on you."

Derek takes a seat on the closest stool behind the breakfast bar.

"Hm, I hadn't noticed." He knows that he's failing at nonchalance, but he is committed to freaking his uncle out at this point.

Peter huffs out a laugh.

"What, may I ask, has brought on this drastic change in personality?" Peter prods casually as he goes back to what Derek can now see as making bread.

"Nothing in particular. Just woke up like this, I guess." Derek shrugs his shoulders for effect, his uncle isn't looking at him, but he will be able to sense the gesture nonetheless.

"Uh, huh. It would have nothing to do with a certain pale little human now would it?"

His uncle will be able to hear his heartbeat (so no point in lying), but he isn't going to give the Alpha the satisfaction of him straight up admitting it. So, Derek does the first thing that feels right. He just laughs, a hearty thing, straight from deep in his gut (to be honest, if he wasn't having so much fun at his uncle's expense, it would be loud enough to startle even him).

As anticipated, the noise does the trick.

Peter whips around faster than the speed of light, nearly dropping the dough he has been kneading throughout this whole conversation onto the floor. He is staring at Derek as if he has just sprouted six legs. If his eyebrows rose any higher, they would be a member of the mile-high club.

"Who are you and what the ever-loving fuck have you done with my Nephew?"

Derek stares in smug satisfaction. The look on Peter's face is priceless. It should probably make him feel even just slightly sad that him laughing gets such a reaction, he is not one to show anything other than stony stoicism on his face usually, so it's fair enough, but he can't bring himself to feel anything other than just pure happiness.

Gods, if this is what he is like after just kissing the boy, what is he going to be like after claiming him?

He can't wait to find out.

"Relax, Alpha mine. I have not been possessed. I am just... happy."

Derek smiles as he watches the older man's features contort into several different expressions in the span of three seconds. Shock. Disbelief. Understanding. Finally, he settles on fondness.

"I, for one, am more than glad to hear you say that. It's about time you had something in your life worthy of that smile."

"*Someone*." Derek corrects, instinctively.

Ah, and there's the 'Peter Hale Smirk'.

"I knew it!" He exclaims, looking exactly like the cat who caught the canary.

"Of course you knew it, Peter. You know everything." Derek replies with an eye-roll.

"Not to toot my own horn, but yes, yes, I do." Peter's usual level of self-assurance evident in his tone.

"You? *Never*." Derek gives his uncle a run for his money with the predatory grin across his face, not bothering to cover up the amusement he feels when Peter narrows his eyes at him.

"Leave the sarcasm to me, Nephew dear. It doesn't become you."

Derek huffs his amusement as he gets up from where he's sitting to leave.

"I take it I am not going to hear the story then?" Peter questions. Derek doesn't miss the slight hint of disappointment in his voice.

Peter thrives on gossip, "*knowledge is power*" he always quotes, so, one thing that ruins his day most is being denied it.

Derek stops before leaving the room, and without turning, he makes a noise as if thinking on his answer.

"Nope." Emphasising the 'p' for the sake of drama.

He hears his uncle's indignant huff and smiles to himself triumphantly; he will let the older man stew in his curiosity for a little while longer.

~

A few days pass, and there is still no sign of Derek's mood depleting. He cannot confidently remember the last time he has gone this long with a smile on his face.

Peter keeps asking him his reason, even though he knows it's something to do with Stiles, he is still insistent on having the *juicy* details.

Derek hasn't budged, he's too much enjoying his uncle's childish tantrums every time he tells him that; "*it's a secret*". Seeing his Alpha pout and threaten to never talk to him again is way too hilarious in Derek's opinion to give up the tease now.

Derek is currently taking his daily stroll to the Hale house, a little more leisurely than the average scouting pace he usually partakes in. The last few days, he has wandered through the preserve and taken the time actually to appreciate the surroundings; the noises, the smells, the overall beauty of the forest. He misses the times when he and his sisters used to play hide and seek amongst these trees—a challenging game to play for werewolves, but he can't help but smile at the fond memory. If he was to close his eyes, he knows his mind would easily be able to conjure up the image of them. Paint a vivid picture of them sprinting and dancing around in front of him, their laughs echoing through the wind as if time had gone back to those days before the fire had consumed them.

Derek would give anything to see his family one more time. While the thought of them doesn't cripple him as intensely as it had done a few years ago, he still feels the ache in his chest whenever their faces appear in his mind.

Peter has helped him come to terms with the tragedy; he has learned to treat the memories as moments to cherish, things to hold onto and think of fondly, rather than tearing himself apart with guilt. While he still feels like it was his fault, and isn't sure that will ever really go away, he has realised that he will always remember them, his life included enough happiness when his family was alive that they can carry him through the sadness.

Derek's thoughts are interrupted by a loud gasp. Derek hadn't realised that he'd stopped walking, or had even closed his eyes until his lids snap open at the sound.

He frantically begins scanning the vicinity. He can't see anything (or *anyone* for that matter), but he can still hear... *something*.

It was definitely a sort of breathless pant, but whether it had been his imagination or some kind of

wounded animal, he honestly can't tell right now.

He cautiously follows the direction of the strange noise; something in him is urging him forward, making him almost break into a run as the sound gets louder.

It isn't until he gets closer to the spot he and the two teenagers had stood a few nights previous that he realises why his body is driving him without much thought.

He can now hear the heartbeat. Dangerously fast. *Racing.*

It's human, and whoever it is, is in trouble. They are struggling to breathe. Derek's instincts take over as he sprints the last few feet to where the human is.

Derek's heart skips in his chest, and his full body freezes.

"Scott?"

The boy doesn't look at Derek. Probably can't hear him over his frantic wheezing. He's sitting against a tree, clutching his chest, eyes screwed shut as he gulps in as much air as his body is allowing.

Derek isn't sure what to do. From here, it looks like the teen is dying but he can't see any injuries, can't smell any blood. The boy is in obvious pain; he knows that much.

A strong scent is wafting off him—distress and gut-wrenching pain. He knows that the teen's body is somehow failing him; he just can't get his brain to cooperate long enough for him to figure out why.

He snaps out of his stupor when the teen opens his eyes, noticing Derek standing there. Slowly his arm reaches out in a silent plea for help. Derek is crouched down beside the boy before he can even process the movement, grabbing onto his hand and instinctively pulling him into his chest, then rubbing his back in what he hopes is a soothing gesture.

"Scott, what... what's going on? How... how can I help you? What do you need me to do?" Derek struggles to get his words out over the panic, his voice laced with concern, watching his mate's best friend struggling to breathe and not knowing how to help is killing him.

Then it hits him.

Asthma.

One of his cousins suffered from the affliction, she had been born human, and Derek can remember the time she had an attack when she had gotten out of breath from playing. He should have realised sooner.

"Shit, Scott, where is your inhaler?"

"Lo... st... it. Was... tr... ying to... find..." The boy barely manages to gasp out between deep gulping breaths.

"You lost it? What, *here*!?" Derek winces at the anger in his voice.

The last thing this boy needs is someone scolding him, but in reality, he is just really struggling to control his emotions at the moment. Stuck between crying out for help and just sitting there rocking the boy in his arms until all the answers hit him in the face.

The boy just nods at Derek's question as tears start streaming down his face. Something in Derek stirs at seeing the boy in such distress. He tightens his grip, pulling the teen closer to him, he has to do something, but without his inhaler, he doesn't know how to help him.

He was just a boy when he had seen the same thing happen to his cousin; she had her inhaler, so he never found out what would have happened if she hadn't had it with her. Could she have died? What else could have been done if she hadn't had her inhaler? All questions he wishes to the Gods he had asked. At the time he never would have imagined he'd actually need that sort of information like he desperately does now.

Focus, Derek.

"Peter." He whispers to himself.

Peter will know what to do.

He reaches for his phone out of his back pocket, his hands shaking as he dials the number.

Thankfully, his uncle answers on the third ring.

"If you aren't ringing to tell me your *secret*, then I'm not-"

"Peter!" Derek interrupts; hopefully, his tone indicating enough to his uncle the urgency of the situation.

"What's happened? Where are you? Are... are you hurt?" Peter instantly drops his sarcastic façade at Derek's obvious distress.

"Not me. Scott."

"Scott? Who's-"

"It doesn't matter, he... he needs help. Please, Peter, I don't know what to do." Derek feels his heart-clenching, tears gathering at the corners of his eyes as he remembers how helpless he had been the night of the fire, the same feeling he is getting right now as he clutches at the blurred out body in his arms.

"Derek, I need you to listen to me. I need you to take a deep breath, sweetheart, can you do that for me?" Hearing his Alphas calming voice pushes him to oblige. "I need you to calm down and tell me where you are."

Derek takes another breath before he manages to answer.

"We are in the preserve... near... near the house."

"Stay where you are. I'll find you."

The line goes dead, and Derek drops his phone unceremoniously into the grass below him. Through his own panic, he hadn't noticed the weight against him go limp. Lifeless.

"No, no, no, no... Scott? No, don't die on me. Please, Scott, you can't die on me."

He shakes the boy roughly to try to jolt him awake. When that proves useless, he leans in to put his ear to his chest. There is still a beat, but it's faint, so faint that to a human it would be almost undetectable.

"Shit. Scott, come on, wake up." He knows it's pointless, the boy is unconscious, but Derek has to fill the silence. His muttering the only thing keeping him from breaking down completely.

He lays the boy down on the forest floor, his nerves not allowing for anything gentle. He has to move quickly. Has to try to keep the boy's heart going, at least until Peter arrives.

Being a werewolf and growing up among other werewolves' means he has never really had to worry about illnesses or injury, but he knows the basics. His mother had taught him at least the foundations of first aid, but he had just been a boy, he brushed off the information like she had been talking in a foreign language.

He remembers bits.

Curse the younger him for not listening, for not taking it seriously. Something his mom had told him could have helped him now, but he had just thought it pointless—naïve child.

What he does remember, though, is the chest compressions. Maybe it isn't so much as remembering it from when his mom had told him and instead seeing it performed on many of the TV shows and movies he has watched over the years. Either way, he has to do something. Surely a half-assed attempt at CPR is better than nothing.

Right?

"C'mon Scott. Please..." Derek continues to mutter under his breath as he starts up the steady rhythm of pushing his weight down in the middle of Scott's chest.

He doesn't even know if this will work; if this will even make a difference. Hell, he's not even sure if this won't just make it worse, but at this moment, he couldn't confidently tell anyone who asked what day it is, never mind be able to process if he is even doing anything useful.

His mind's a puddle and he doesn't rightly understand why. Since meeting Stiles it seems everything has just gotten so much more sensitive.

Derek usually prides himself in his ability to cope under pressure, yes, his coping mechanisms often leave much to be desired, but he still usually manages. However, since discovering his mate, it's just all gone to shit.

He can't remember the last time he had a panic attack, even after everything with his family, and right now he feels like he is waltzing dangerously close to the edge.

All he can think of as he looks down at the body, lying unconscious beneath his hands is how helpless he had been the day his family was murdered. Somehow, being back in these familiar woods, dealing with another life or death situation has just crippled his mind. He hadn't had time to panic the day the rogue Alpha had killed Laura, but right now, it seems that time is passing him as slowly as can be. Like he has all the time in the world for his brain to punish him with the memories.

The scenery around him is just taking him back to that teenage boy standing in the shadows of the trees, frozen in place as the home he grew up in engulfed in a white-hot flame. The thick black smoke had filled his lungs, but he couldn't move. He couldn't cry, couldn't scream. He had just stood there while every single wolf and human in his family had burned alive.

Not his whole family, Laura had been beside him, kneeling in the dirt, her claws raking up the ground below her. Her bones twisting and crunching as she used all her strength to fight the shift. Her eyes had danced between colours as the Alpha spark penetrated her soul, but still, Derek

couldn't fucking move.

It hadn't been until a hand grabbed his wrist that he managed to snap out of his state. Someone had talked to him, but he hadn't been able to focus, so he just followed—followed the voice. Followed the anchor pulling him out of his haze.

"Derek."

Laura?

"Come on, Derek."

No, not Laura.

"Derek!"

Derek takes in a breath as his mind focusses back to the present. He can no longer smell the smoke nor hear the screams, but instead, kneeling in front of him is his Alpha: red eyes and a concerned expression staring back at him. Derek can see his uncle's mouth moving, but it's as if he's underwater. The words are muffled in his ears. He shakes his head and takes a breath, desperately trying to grasp onto the words caressing him.

"Derek... breathe for me. That's it... good boy. Breathe. You're okay. I'm here now, you're safe."

"Peter?"

"That's it. Just keep breathing for me. In and out."

"Peter... Scott, is he-"

"He... don't worry about Scott. Just listen to my heartbeat and breath with it, okay?"

Derek realises at that moment that Peter is holding his hand to his chest, he can feel his Alphas heart beating, true and steady. He hones in on the sound, drowning out all other noises to really listen to the calming *thump*. He has always envied his uncles ability to stay calm in all situations, yet another reason why he's the perfect Alpha.

"M'okay. I'm okay."

Peter lets out a long breath—a sigh of relief.

"Okay, sit against that tree while I figure out what to do." It's an order disguised as gentle suggestion.

Derek hadn't realised Peters free hand had been firmly around the back of his neck, soothing him, until that hand slips away. He will probably be embarrassed about the whimper that escapes his throat at the loss of contact had he not been in desperate need of the touch.

"Shhh, you're alright. I just have to help the boy, but I'm right here. I won't go anywhere without you." Peter soothes him while his hand slowly caresses his cheek.

Derek feels like a young boy again—relishing in the kind words and attention of his elders whenever he had felt low. It calms him to remember certain things about his childhood, and it helps him at this moment to know he still has Peter, even after everything, he always has Peter.

"Yeah, help Scott." Derek agrees.

He is still on his knees from where he had been sitting next to Scott's body, so he carefully manoeuvres himself until his back connects with the tree trunk behind him.

His eyelids are heavy; it's taking up a lot of his willpower not to just fall into a deep sleep—just to dream away the troubling thoughts and feelings plaguing him. But, he can't. Peter needs him. *Scott* needs him.

"Is he... going to be okay?" Derek asks. He can feel himself drifting in and out, desperately fighting to keep his eyes open.

Peter looks back at him, noticing the dream-like state he is in as he smiles at him. A fond little curl to his lips. However, he doesn't answer Derek's question, and that sends a bolt of energy through Derek's spine; something isn't right.

"Uncle?" Derek questions as he slowly straightens himself into a seating position against the tree, he hadn't realised he had slumped over to the side, he must have been more out of it than he'd thought.

Peter's answering exhale of breath is enough to get Derek's heart racing once again.

"Hey, Hey, stop. Just calm down..." Peter is back to kneeling in front of him, giving Derek a clear view of the still unconscious boy lying on the forest floor.

"Is he...?" *Dead*, the word going unspoken.

Peter's face is unreadable, but his eyes betray his bravado.

"He will be."

"What? What the hell does that mean? We need to get him to the hospital." Derek tries to get up from his position only to be kept in place by the substantial weight on his shoulder.

"Peter, let me up. We can't just let him die... please we have to help-"

"Derek, there is no helping him." Peter interrupts.

The look on his Alpha's face is heart-breaking. Like saying those words are the last thing he ever wants to say.

"What... what do you mean?"

The hand on his shoulder tightens. A reassuring squeeze, or so it would have been had the next words not accompanied them.

"His lungs have failed him, that much is obvious, and even with his inhaler, it would not have made a difference. Had there been someone with medical supplies in the close vicinity the very second he had lost his breath then he may have been fine but Derek, this attack, it wasn't mild, and I suspect it hadn't even started that way. I think the poor boy had no hope from the start."

"But... surely something... there... there must be some way. Peter, there has to be. It's an asthma attack for fuck sake; surely something can be done. He can't just die!"

"I'm sorry."

Those two words take with them the very last string of composure Derek has.

"No. No. This isn't happening. It's not happening, Peter. I won't let him die." Derek scrambles to get to his feet, but his fatigue hits him like a ton of bricks.

His uncle manages to get his arms around him before he hits the floor, cradling him to his chest, not loosening his grip no matter how intently he struggles to be free.

"No, let me... let me go." He twists and turns, kicking and pushing but to no avail. Peter's strength is no match for him. "Why? Why the fuck does everything I touch die? Why, Peter? What the fuck have I done? What have I done?"

Derek can't hold back the cries that escape him as he finally surrenders to his Alpha's embrace—grabbing onto his shirt until his knuckles turn white, the sobs wracking through his body making him shake uncontrollably.

"Derek—"

"Don't."

Peter's arms tighten around him.

"I'm... sick... of hearing that... it's not my fault." Derek's voice is no more than a whisper, the words spoken between hiccupping gulps of breath, but Peter hears him.

Silence falls between them. Derek can feel the pain seeping through his bond with Peter. The Alpha struggling with the fact that nothing can be done for Scott and having to sit by and watch as his Nephew, the only member of his pack, has a breakdown. Derek can feel the hopelessness. His Alpha feels helpless—like a failure. *That* is what pulls Derek back. He can't have the one constant strength in his life feeling like this is somehow his fault. If the responsibility lies with anyone, it's him, but he can bottle that up, if only for the sake of his Alpha.

"What do we do now?" Derek asks. He doesn't try to pull away from his uncle; he thinks the embrace may not be solely for his benefit.

"We call in an anonymous tip. We can't risk drawing attention to ourselves. Not this soon anyway."

"What? So, we just leave him here? In the cold?" Derek sits back so he can look in his uncle's eyes. So he can see clearly his uncle's expression. At that moment, he looks broken.

"There is nothing else we can do. The hospital cannot help him, Derek. His heartbeat is so weak that no human machine will even manage to trace it. It's only because of the Alpha spark that I am even able to still detect it, even to you, he is already dead."

Alpha spark.

A solution hits Derek like a freight train; Peter visibly startles at his obvious eureka moment.

"Bite him." Derek offers, his gaze focussed on nothing as he goes through the idea in his head.

Why the fuck had he not thought of this sooner? Better yet, why hadn't Peter suggested it? It's the best solution. If the bite doesn't take, the boy dies anyway which will be no different than their current situation; however, if it takes, which Derek is confident it will due to Peter's strength as an Alpha, then the boy lives for one and for a bonus, it will add to their numbers.

They need a pack, that much is clear. Even though they have discussed waiting until everything has truly settled before expanding; it won't exactly be a hardship to take on a new wolf as they are now

—especially one young enough for Peter to be able to mould and teach without much issue. It's definitely the answer.

"I... can't."

Derek's eyes snap back to look at his uncle.

"What? What do you mean *you can't*? Of course you can, you're the Alpha, and we need a pack and... Gods Peter, he's dying!"

"Yes, I am aware of all that, but I... I can't just go around biting teenagers without their consent. What if it doesn't take, huh? Tell me that, Derek? It doesn't take, and then there is no hope of this boy's body ever going back to his family, as he rightly deserves—as *they* deserve. If we call in the tip now, at least his parents, friends, hell, whoever the boys got can at least say goodbye. Give him a proper burial. I bite him, and it doesn't take, and we have to burn the evidence. His family then spend however knows how many years looking for him, hoping he is still out there somewhere, but really his ashes are scattered across the dirt. Could you live with that knowledge Derek? That you may walk into town tomorrow and all you hear is the name Scott on everyone's lips, his face plastered across posters in every store, on every lamppost? All the while you know exactly where he is, and what happened to him, but you cannot say anything for fear that they find out exactly what you are, what *we* are. I can't risk that. I can't risk your safety, Derek. I'm sorry."

Derek remains silent, processing his uncle's words. He is grateful that his uncle is thinking of him, as he always is, his safety is paramount to his Alpha, and he never lets him forget it. But Derek can't help the rage bubble up in his gut. To dismiss the idea so quickly, to just resign yourself to the notion that the boy is dead before his heart has even stopped just ignites something in Derek, he could at least try.

"Nephew. I can feel your anger, and I understand now what this boy means to you. Means to your *mate*. I hadn't realised when you had called just who this boy was, but now I know, and I get it, I do. I just can't risk it. We have been through too much, Derek. I don't want to be in hiding for the rest of my life."

At that, Derek's rage leaves as quickly as it came. He's being selfish.

Peter always puts on this mask of sarcastic bravado, but that's just what it is, a mask. He's probably had no time to grieve properly, what with being in a coma, Laura's death, becoming Alpha and all the pointless shit Derek has been throwing his way ever since they had been reunited. No matter how powerful, that all must be taking its toll. Peter's just better at keeping everything hidden. The Alpha must never show weakness, but what everyone (including Derek) forgets is the Alpha is still a being. Yes, he may be strong, he may be powerful, but he still has a heart and soul the same as the rest, and it's never been more evident than in this very moment that Peter is still just a man. A man who has lost his entire family just the same as Derek has, but he has had to deal with everything else on top of that. Derek has never felt so selfish.

"I'm sorry, Alpha."

Peter can feel his emotions through their bond, and no matter what he himself is feeling, Derek always comes first.

"Nothing to apologise for, pup." Peter's hand slides around Derek's neck again, squeezing gently.

After what feels like hours but may have only been a few seconds, Peter places his hands on either side of Derek's face, lifting so he can look directly at him. He seems to be searching for something, Derek is about to ask for what when his uncle smiles, seemingly content with what he's found.

"Okay."

"What?"

"Just promise me, Derek, if this doesn't work, you will move on. Or... at least try? You can't-"

"I promise."

Peter says no more, just nods his head as he gets up from sitting against the tree. Derek watches as Peter walks over to the body on the ground.

He was right, to Derek, the boy is dead. He can't hear the faintest strum of a heartbeat the same as his Alpha can.

There is a few minute window between a human's perception of death and an Alphas. According to the books Derek has read on the supernatural, every single being has a short period between their heart stopping and their soul leaving their bodies. It's in that little window that Peter can attempt to bring him back.

Once the soul has vacated the body, that is when no matter how many Alpha's or High Vampires try, nothing would be strong enough to bring the boy back. That is when it would be too late.

Peter is cutting it rather fine if this is the case, but Derek doesn't have it in him to look a gift horse in the mouth.

One last look over his shoulder before Peter kneels beside the boy, lifting his limp arm to his face.

Before Derek can even blink, the Alpha's teeth sharpen to points and plunge into the flesh over the boy's wrist. Derek hears the crunch of fangs piercing veins, tendons and bone. His werewolf hearing is really not seeming like much of a *gift* at this point.

Peter's roar shakes the ground below them; birds scatter from the trees above, the sheer power behind the sound rattles Derek's very core. His wolf gives him no warning before answering his Alpha with a howl of his own—instinct taking over in preparation for the possible new pack member. It's somewhat like the ring of a bell at the end of a ritual, much like a druids closing-of-the-circle chant, or a witches cackle—well, maybe not—but it just feels *right*.

"Did... did it work?"

"Too early to say. All we can do now is wait." Peter answers, blood dripping from his mouth, down his chin.

"How long?"

"I... I don't know."

"I thought you knew everything."

That gets him a smirk, but the tension is still evident in Peter's posture.

His uncle places the boy's arm back by his side, he then places one arm under his neck and the other under the teen's knees, hauling him up bridle style.

"Where are you taking him?" Derek stumbles to his feet to follow wherever his Alpha is intent on going.

"Back to The Loft where he will at least be comfortable if all goes well, and if not... well, at least we have him out of the open until we figure out what to do next." Peter answers as he begins walking the direction out of the preserve towards the apartment.

Derek doesn't reply, just follows dutifully behind as his uncle marches towards town. It's already dark outside. Derek hadn't realised just how long he had been out here; he could have sworn it was light when he had begun his earlier patrol.

"Keep up, Nephew. We need to get him inside before we are seen."

Derek widens his strides to stay close to his Alpha. The last thing they need is some human seeing them and asking questions, or worse, just going straight to the police.

Here's hoping the boy also stays immobile until they at least get inside, it wouldn't do to have a newly turned wolf waking up in the middle of town.

That would be the opposite of a good thing.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so warnings:

In this chapter, Scott has a very severe asthma attack—so severe that he practically dies. Also, Derek has a panic attack. So, If either of these things bother you, please do not read as I am quite vivid in the descriptions.

Also, there is mentions of the Hale fire and again, vivid descriptions of that too.

Lastly; I personally have never had an asthma attack, and have never seen it happen. All I know about them I found on the internet, which can sometimes spout bullshit, but I think I've tried my best to keep it believable. I am no doctor, no medical professional of any sort, so I am not sure what it would take for someone with asthma to get to the point of actually dying, but let's just assume that whatever it is, it's happening to Scott.

Lets also just assume that there is basically a point of no return for Scott. In this, Peter says that it's too late to take him to a hospital, which I am assuming in real life would not be the case? Maybe? I'm not too sure but let's just say that Scott's situation is so severe that nothing a doctor could do would save his life, only the bite could save him now.

I just wanted to make all that clear before anyone jumped into this because I don't want people hating me for talking shit by accident or making things up about real-life illnesses without meaning too. I just needed a reason for Scott to be near death and since he has asthma in the show, I thought it was more realistic to tie that into the fic.

I have, however, suffered a panic attack, and this is just my personal experience of how I come down from an attack or how I go when I'm having one. Not everyone's experiences are the same, so please remember that.

Oh and Peter bites Scott without explicit consent but its a life or death situation. However, if this bothers you, then you can either skip that part or not read. I just wanted to make sure I included everything.

If you read this and think I need to add more tags or warnings, please let me know. I want this to be safe for everyone, so don't hesitate to tell me if something bothers you or you think may bother others.

Thank you so much for reading, more updates soon!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

As luck would have it, they actually managed to get the boy back to The Loft without any issues. Colour Derek surprised. After all the shit that has happened recently, he was sure something else would go tits up. Apparently, Mother Moon has decided he deserves a break. Halle-fucking-lujah.

Chapter Notes

So, this chapter was ready quicker than I had imagined. I am debating whether I should just pull an all-nighter and battle through editing the third chapter I have prepared for you, or go to bed and do it tomorrow. We shall see.

This is kind of just an ending to the last chapter. I sort of left you on a cliff hanger so, here's what happens without having to wait. It's, I think, the shortest chapter so far, so, it's not much, but I hope you still enjoy it.

All I could think of when I re-read this to try my best at editing it, was that I really seem to love a comma. Like, I literally put those little bastards everywhere. I apologise, but I'm not entirely sure what else to do.

I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As luck would have it, they actually managed to get the boy back to The Loft without any issues. Colour Derek surprised. After all the shit that has happened recently, he was sure something else would go tits up. Apparently, Mother Moon has decided he deserves a break. Halle-fucking-lujah.

Peter wastes no time in laying the boy down gently on their sofa, grabbing blankets to wrap him up and moving all the other furniture a safe distance away in case he wakes up.

Then he just... chills. Grabbing a book, lounging back in his armchair, one leg crossed over the other—just sitting there as if nothing is amiss.

"Erm, what the fuck are you doing?" Derek asks, not fully believing what he is witnessing.

"Waiting." Comes the dry reply. He doesn't even have the common decency to look up, just continues to read.

"Seriously? How can you just sit there?"

Peter huffs as if Derek has just sucked out his last modicum of patience; he drops the book in his lap a bit more dramatically than necessary.

"What else do you wish me to do, Nephew? Sit by his feet and wipe his brow until something

happens? No. If I'm going to be completely useless, I would much rather do it while relaxing comfortably, reading the next chapter of Prisoner of Azkaban, thank you very much."

He picks the book up again, making it clear that it is not up for debate, nor will he be indulging his Nephew in any more talk.

"You are unbelievable."

"Yes, quite."

Derek huffs and flops down on the floor with his back against the sofa. His wolf is clawing at him to protect his potential new packmate while he's vulnerable.

His body is exhausted. As soon as he is settled comfortably and is content that he's in a stable position to fend off anyone who may cause the boy harm, he lets his head fall back, his wolf purring with the close proximity of pack. He lets his eyes close, not to sleep, his wolf will not let him, but just to give himself at least the illusion of rest.

~

Derek isn't exactly sure how long they have been sitting like this. Waiting. Waiting on something to happen. *Anything*.

For some reason—one that Derek doesn't want to dwell on too prematurely—his wolf isn't stirring. It isn't restless or causing mass panic like Derek would have expected. He thought that his wolf wouldn't even have allowed him to sit here for so long without at least being a little bit of a pest, especially with the fate of a possible pack member hanging by a thread. Deep down, he prays that this is a sure sign. Confirmation of the bite taking, but he doesn't want to get his hopes up just yet. He will just relish in the peace his wolf is allowing him. But he still hopes that somehow his wolf just *knows*. It knows the boy has been turned and has already accepted him.

Derek lets his thoughts wander. He has nothing else to do in the silence so he may as well cast his mind back to the other night and just how beautiful his mate looked under the moonlight; his sweet honey scent, his innocent, soft touch and those lips. Gods those lips could bring all matter of man to their knees.

Derek isn't short on fantasy material, curtesy of his gorgeous boy, but the little snippets that he seems to favour all involve that sinful mouth. That *tongue*. Gods above, even his teeth when Derek feels particularly frisky. What he would give to see those plump, cherry lips stretched wide around his-

"What are you thinking about?"

Derek startles from his thoughts, eyelids flying open as he remembers where he is. *Who* he is with.

Shit.

"Nothing interesting." Derek lies.

"Oh, I beg to differ. Your *scent* tells a different story entirely." Peter leers, he is still sitting in the same position in his armchair, book in hand, not even looking up from the words on the page to address Derek.

"I forgot I wasn't alone."

"Clearly." Derek doesn't need to look at his uncle to see the apparent amusement; he can hear the smirk loud and clear.

"Yes, well, fuck you for waking me up at the good part." Derek comments dryly as he crosses his arms over his chest, closing his eyes once again and settling back into his earlier peaceful silence. He hears his uncles amused chuckle before his ears pick up another sound.

A third heartbeat.

He whips around quicker than he thought he could move and listens.

"He's... he's alive."

Peter drops his book on the floor at the same moment Derek turns to face the boy, he is over by the arm of the sofa in an instant, running his fingers through the boy's unruly locks, then checking his temperature before humming positively.

"Well, it seems our pack has a new member." Peter beams as he sits on the arm of the chair, near Scott's head.

The first few hours of a newly turned wolf's existence are absolutely crucial. Not only to the Beta but to the Alpha as well. Touch and scent are essential in guaranteeing a strong bond forming between the new wolf and his Alpha. For the next few hours, Peter will probably not leave the boy's side and will casually brush his fingers over his skin or mark him with his scent until the boy is in a position to fully accept Peter as his leader.

"Do we need to do anything?" Derek asks.

Energy is strumming through his veins; he needs to do something, anything—his wolf is beside itself with the new bond forming.

"Nothing we can really do until he wakes up, which could be soon or it could be hours yet. Let's not forget that he was technically dead." Peter looks at him with fondness; he can no doubt feel Derek's restlessness through their bond; he must know better than anyone how Derek is feeling right now. "Relax, dear Nephew. There is nothing we can do just yet... but, prepare yourself. Things may get a bit ugly when he does decide to open his eyes."

Derek just nods and settles back on the floor. How he is supposed to prepare exactly, he doesn't rightly know, but he will do whatever Peter needs. He'll be here for him... him and Scott.

~

"Fuck, you weren't kidding!" Derek shouts from behind the breakfast bar as he intermittently ducks to avoid the numerous flying objects aimed at his head. "Gods above, can't deny the kids got aim."

"Not helping, Nephew." Peter grits out through his fangs.

"Forgive me, *Alpha*, but you're not the one getting priceless china vases lobbed at your fucking head!"

Peter has the gall to actually sigh. Like Derek is the one acting like a goddamn wild animal right now.

"He thinks you are a threat to his Alpha. Just... give him a chance."

"Oh, yes, no bother. Let me just stand here and let him throw shit at my head until he figures out that I'm not here to kill you!" Derek deadpans as he ducks again just in time to see their coffee table shatter to pieces against the wall behind him.

Meh, he never cared for it anyways.

"Oh, stop being a drama queen, you'll wait... was that... was that my *Italian* coffee table?!" Peter gapes at the splintered wood now scattered across the floor behind Derek.

Oh, so now he gives a shit.

"That's it!"

Derek could swear Peter just grew a few inches taller, and possibly wider? Oh, he's not amused.

"*Enough!*" His Alpha voice bellows through the apartment, his eyes bleeding red, fangs and claws extending, there's no denying that he's not here to mess around.

The effect is instantaneous, Scott drops whatever innocent object he was about to throw as he scrambles to submit to his Alpha. The poor boy is trembling, whimpering as his eyes flash gold and he desperately kneels at Peter's feet, exposing his throat to the older man.

Derek feels the pull in his chest to do the same, but as the order wasn't directed at him, he can push it aside—not without difficulty, a command that powerful is a force to be reckoned with.

His uncle softens as soon as the boy obeys, leaning forward to rub his scruff across the boy's throat. The Alpha sign of 'apology accepted'. He also runs his fingers through Scott's hair and cups his hand to the back of his neck, sending calming pheromones through the bond to settle the teen down.

"Now. We won't be needing any more of that, okay, Scott?"

"Yes, Alpha." He replies without missing a beat. His eyes closing in contentment at Peter's soothing gesture.

Derek smiles at the boy's quick obedience to his Alpha. This may be easier than he thought. He goes to rise from where he is still behind the kitchen island but stops short as soon as he hears the warning growl.

"Now, Scott. That's no way to treat your pack." Peter scolds him, but his tone is still fond. Probably amused that Derek is once again getting the shit end of things.

At least the growling stops.

"Sorry, Alpha."

"That's quite alright. I understand that things don't quite make sense right now, but I promise that after a few hours, things will start to become a little clearer. You may not leave here with all your questions answered, but hopefully, you will have the basics." Peter speaks slowly so as not to startle the boy.

At the moment, Scott is much like a newborn baby, except he can talk, walk and pretty much do everything as normal but his mind isn't quite back to what it was before the bite. He is like a blank slate, all yes Alpha, no Alpha, three bags full Alpha. Basically, just pure instinct.

All Scott knows right now is the fierce need to protect and gain approval from his Alpha; everything else is just a threat or an inconvenience. He will gradually start remembering his life before the bite, but it does usually take a few hours, sometimes days in severe cases. They just have to keep him close and help him through it.

~

One of the hardest parts of this whole transition is the moment the new wolf wakes after the bite, as Scott has proved, the wolf is consumed by rage and fear and every other emotion bundled into one. They have all these new abilities but no idea why or how and it's just confusing. Then they have this fierce need deep in their gut to do everything and anything this random stranger commands of them. They have this bond tugging at their soul, binding them to this being they have never met before, and suddenly they will jump through hoops to make them happy. It's a wild ride.

The second most challenging part is definitely once the wolf comes back to themselves. That's when Peter will have to start from the very beginning and explain absolutely everything in detail. Scott will most likely freak-out, maybe throw in a few colourful slurs and then calm down enough to ask all the questions no doubt consuming his conscious.

Well, that's what is *supposed* to happen.

What actually happens isn't as smooth sailing. Of course not, when has Derek's life ever cut him any slack?

When Scott comes too, about three hours after his initial awakening, he is inconsolable.

It casts Derek's mind back to the first time they had met, when the boy had cowered in the shadows behind Stiles, saying very little and basically just shaking like a shitting dog.

Nothing Peter is saying to the boy seems to be going in, it's like going through one ear and straight out the other, nothing is really registering. Peter has tried to explain the situation as calmly as he possibly can, but the boy absolutely reeks of fear. When he does speak, it's hardly intelligent with how much his voice is breaking.

At least he has ceased throwing things and is clearly in no mind to be violent—silver linings and all that.

The boy is convinced he has been kidnapped. Keeps begging Peter not to hurt him. Keeps saying that he hasn't done anything wrong and he promises not to tell anyone if they just let him go. No matter how many times Peter explains that "*no, he has not been kidnapped*", and "*no, he would never hurt him*", that "*he is pack and is free to leave whenever he wishes*" it just falls on deaf ears.

Peter is getting frustrated. Derek can feel it through the bonds, and that can't be helping the terrified Beta if he can feel his Alphas emotions too.

"Hey, Scott. Just calm down. We are not going to hurt you. Just listen. We are trying to explain everything, but you need to take a breath and just pay attention." Derek decides to address the boy after standing on the side-lines silently, letting his Alpha deal with the issue at the man's request.

Peter didn't want to overwhelm the boy, which in normal circumstances would have been a noble idea but it just isn't working. Peter could be at this all day and get nowhere, not that Derek has ever doubted his Alphas competency, not one bit, but it is clear that he just needs a little backup. It's probably been a long time since Peter's had to deal with newly bitten wolves, definitely not in Derek's lifetime anyways.

Peter casts him a relived look, something that says "*thank you*" without actually saying the words.

Scott calms slightly at Derek's voice, but not much, just enough to actually speak clear enough for them to not have to squint.

"Derek. I know you. You... you helped us: me, and... and Stiles. Please, I just want to go home. I... I don't understand what's... what's happening to me?" He asks, his voice pleading.

Derek can't help but feel sorry for him; those wide puppy dog eyes could charm the back legs off a donkey.

"You're a werewolf, Scott. I know that makes no sense to you now, but if you just listen to us, I promise it will. We just want to help you. *Trust me.*" Derek slows down his words and never wavers in his eye contact. He even holds out his hands in an overt act of surrender so as not to startle the cornered animal any more than they already have.

The tension in Scott's body eases a little. Derek can see the cogs clicking in his head as he thinks about it. He knows there is every chance the boy will still flee, but at least he now seems to have taken in the brunt of the conversation.

He is a werewolf. Derek can see that he understands that now, maybe not entirely, but enough that it clears away even a portion of his fears.

"I'm a werewolf?" The boy whispers.

"Yes, and we are your pack." Derek answers, gesturing to himself and his uncle, his voice still calm.

The teen just gives a curt nod, then straightens his posture from where he had been cowered against the wall.

"Can I please go home now?" He asks, with more clarity than he seems to have had the entire evening, still laced with fear and nervousness, but it's progress.

"Yes, you were always free to leave, dear boy." Peter is the one to answer him.

Derek can see the Alpha has deflated from his earlier frustration, most likely he is just disappointed now at his newest pack mates reluctance to stay close to him. He looks exhausted.

"Thank you." It's small, barely-there even for werewolf hearing but it's genuine.

Peter nods and gives a warm smile; he doesn't try to advance on the Beta, just lets him leave without another word.

It isn't until Derek knows the boy is out of earshot that he speaks up again.

"Should we really be letting him leave? What if he goes on some sort of murder rampage? Or *worse*, goes to the police?"

Peter gives him a look, one that requires a raised eyebrow.

"You really need to sort out your priorities."

Derek just rolls his eyes. Is his uncle really Ron Weasley-ing him right now? Fuck it; he isn't going to bite.

"You know what I meant. It doesn't feel right to just... let him go."

"I know." Peter crosses the room to stand in front of Derek, placing his hand on the back of his neck for comfort. Derek hadn't realised how much he needs that right now.

"He will be back." Peter continues assuredly.

"How can you be so sure?"

"The bond between an Alpha and his Betas is very powerful, especially for a new and untrained wolf. He won't can ignore the pull for long, especially with the full moon only a few days away. He will most likely just run to wherever he feels safest and stay there until he calms down. He will come back." Peter says it with such confidence that Derek doesn't have it in him to keep arguing, he just nods his head and lets the silence wash over him.

Derek can't deny how excited his wolf is with having a pack again. Even if everything isn't going as planned, the bond is still tied. He just hopes to the Gods that Peter is right, he trusts him, but he's still worried. Worried that the boy is out there harming himself (or others) and they are doing nothing to stop it. He just prays that the boy isn't stupid enough to go to the cops. Derek really couldn't take having to move again.

Especially now. He's had a taste of his mate, and he's not prepared to let him go.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Derek stands in his spot for a little while longer, just staring at the door. Part of him wishing the boy will come back, will knock on the door any second or just walk in without any warning. But, he knows that won't happen. He had heard the tyres of the boy's jeep run over the gravel in the car park outside.

He is gone.

Well, for now at least.

Chapter Notes

I've done it. I have bloody well done it.

I am shocked that I have stayed up long enough to get these three chapters out in one night instead of spreading them out. I'll probably read over them tomorrow and regret that decision terribly when I see all the mistakes I've made but screw it; there shouldn't be anything too drastic—at least not anything that you can't decipher for now.

I swear to the Gods that this fic was only supposed to be like 10,000 words long. We are now over 30,000 and pretty much only halfway. I swear, this will have an ending at some point but at the moment I'm just enjoying this too much. I will probably get bored around chapter 12 or so and maybe jump to the Steter fic I'm working on, but let's just relish in this little bout of productive-ness while it lasts.

In other news, I will definitely be adding smut to the next chapter. I have put my foot down and decided that I've dragged this unresolved sexual tension thing on long enough. So, if you aren't happy with that outcome, I'd stop reading now because I like to get vivid!

Little warning at the end.

I hope you like this. Stay tuned for more soon!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The familiar scent hits Derek long before the knock comes to their door.

Peter looks up from where he is sitting in his armchair nursing what seems like the Narnia of a cup of coffee, one eyebrow raised in a silent question to his Nephew when he notices that Derek has practically frozen on the spot. Derek can hear his huff of breath before he watches his uncle saunter over to the door.

"Wait..." Derek hisses out through his clenched teeth, but it's too late, Peter has already pushed

aside their industrial roller door, unveiling a nervous-looking Stiles from behind it.

"Well, hello there. What brings a pretty thing like you to our humble doorstep?" Peter purrs, as he makes a show of leaning against the doorframe.

Derek would have rolled his eyes had he the necessary brain function to do so. He should also be surprised at his wolf's lack of interference at his uncle's flirtations, but again, his mind seems to have short-circuited.

Stiles is here. In his den.

Stiles. Is. Here.

"Erm... hi. I'm Stiles..." The boy cautiously thrusts out his hand in greeting, his heartbeat hammering in his chest.

He is restless, nervous, and with Peter leaning forward to curl his fingers around the boy's offered hand, the pace picks up ever so slightly. Derek can't decipher it, but with the smirk on Peter's face, he knows exactly what the boy is feeling. And it's amusing him.

"Pleasure to meet you, *Stiles*." Gods above, Peter is a menace.

"Err yeah, is Derek home?" Stiles replies, obviously uncomfortable with Peter's ministrations, he pulls his hand back from Peter's grasp, not unkindly but a bit eager.

Peter lets out a sort of chuckle, a breathy little thing that lets Derek know he will be in for a lot of teasing before the night is over.

The older man steps out of the way to give Stiles a clear view into their apartment. A clear view of Derek still standing in the middle of the room looking like a deer caught in headlights.

"Please, come in, dear boy." Peter gestures towards the sofa, "Make yourself at home." He leans forward to purr the last words directly into Stiles' ear, and Derek's wolf decides now is the moment to defend.

Luckily, it's just a soft growl, a warning, directed straight to his competition. Not that Peter is really competition, he is just trying to wind Derek up (what he does best), but with his still fragile control after discovering the whole true mate's thing, his wolf doesn't care for the details.

"So, it's true." Stiles speaks softly. His face is taking on the picture of complete awe. "You're a werewolf." It's said matter-of-factly, no question in sight.

Derek curses himself internally as he looks to his Alpha instinctively for guidance, of course, Peter just shrugs his shoulders and stays silent (first time for everything). Fucking dick.

"What are you talking about?" Derek answers with more calm in his voice than he thought himself capable.

He may be able to blag himself out of this one.

"My best friend, Scott—whom you have met previously—" A beautiful blush creeps up the boy's throat to cover his cheeks. Gods if Derek doesn't want to just follow that with his tongue. "told me this fascinating story about waking up yesterday being shadowed by you and some other... dude. Some cock and bull story about being bitten and other such nonsense. To be really honest, I thought he had been sniffing something but, after he showed me the lovely pair of golden eyes he

is now sporting, it all clicked. Your eyes glowed blue..." He points to Derek; it feels like an accusation. "that... that first night in the woods after you said my name. Then there's the fact you continuously swear to the *Gods*, instead of just one single God and it all just kind of made sense, so I thought I'd come over here to see what the fuck is going on, and you have just confirmed my suspicions even further, what with all the growling you just did."

Stiles takes a deep breath, obviously not aware that he has just said all that without much of a break.

He looks pleased with himself. Like he's just solved a mystery.

"Clever boy. I must say, I am impressed. Not only did you connect all the dots but you also decided that, armed only with the confidence you have in your theory, you were brave enough, or perhaps stupid enough, to come over to the den of two possible supernatural *creatures* you know nothing about. *Alone*." Peter is amused, not trying to put fear into the boy but instead just playing with his food.

"I... erm... I didn't really think that far. In my defence, I'm a very firm believer in the act now, ask questions later thing. No point in beating around the bush." Stiles gives off a laugh, but it is all nerves, he is fidgeting and moving too much to even pretend he isn't absolutely bricking himself.

"Peter quit it." Derek snaps.

"Ah, so you're Peter. The *Alpha*?" Stiles turns to face Peter in an instant. "Do your eyes actually go red?"

Stiles' emotions seem to change with the wind; his curiousness overshadowing his nerves as quick as Derek could click his fingers.

Gods, this boy is a wonder.

Peter doesn't dignify the question with an answer, just lets his eyes bleed red. The smug satisfaction is pouring from him at Stiles' little jump backwards.

"Christ on a bike. Is this all a dream? Am I going to wake up any minute now? Cause this... this is some weird-ass shit right here. Man, I thought Scott was going crazy."

"Not a dream, dear boy. Just a very well-kept *secret*." Peter's tone is neutral, but Derek doesn't miss the threat that his words imply.

"Hey man, my lips are sealed. I promise. Wouldn't even dream about pissing you guys off, no sir. Uhuh, nope. I am rather fond of all my limbs being attached to my body thankyouverymuch."

Peter snorts at that and Derek can't help the eye roll. They definitely have a lot to talk about.

"Well, I think I'll leave you two to it." Peter announces after a long silence.

To be honest, Derek almost forgets he's even there, too busy staring at the boy who is staring right back.

Stiles startles at Peter's voice, obviously in as much of a world of his own as Derek had been.

"Wait... I have like... a shit ton of questions."

"I am sure Derek can answer most of them, he's not completely incompetent after all." Peter winks

towards his Nephew as he exits the apartment, letting the door slide closed behind him.

"Huh, he's a weird one, isn't he?" Stiles throws over his shoulder as soon as Peters is out of sight.

Derek snorts.

"He sure is..." A smug smile graces his lips. "He can also still hear you."

"Oh, shit... *sorry*." Stiles shouts his apology into the air, looking sheepish. He is utterly adorable.

Derek exhales a laugh as he rounds the sofa, making his way to the kitchen.

"You want a drink?" Derek calls out from next to the refrigerator.

"Eh, sure." Stiles is still hovering close to the door. His whole body strumming with energy. His heart beat a little more steady than earlier but still not as calm as Derek would like.

"You can sit down, you know, I won't bite... *hard*."

"Was that... was that a wolf joke?"

Derek smirks to himself before making his way back into the living room.

The apartment's pretty open plan on the bottom floor but the kitchen is still behind a sort-of wall which blocks any view into the kitchen from where Stiles now stands beside the sofa. In the corner is the spiral staircase up to the bedrooms, it's all pretty basic, except for Peters insistent need to scatter random expensive touches, but it is home enough for now.

Derek takes a second to look over at Stiles as the boy sits down. His earlier nerves seem to have calmed, but Derek has lost count how many times the boy has rubbed the back of his neck with his hand or twiddled his finger in the hem of his shirt. He is anxious about something, and Derek can't help but think it isn't the whole werewolf thing that is causing it.

"Here." Derek hands him a can of soda before taking a seat on the other end of the sofa, keeping a distance between them but still close enough that Derek can scent the emotions rolling off the boy.

He won't lie; he wants to know exactly how he is making the teen feel.

"Thanks." Stiles makes no move to open the drink, instead just rolls it around in his hands.

"So, what brings you here exactly?" Derek has to fill the silence, lest his mind wander to dark and dangerous places.

Stiles looks for a second to be surprised by Derek's question before his face smooths back over to blank.

"Well... as I said before, I was woken up last night from a *very* interesting dream... that is irrelevant," He blushes as he cuts off that train of thought. "by my best friend ranting and raving that the weirdo from the woods" He makes a motion towards Derek. Rude. "and this psycho, *other-guy* had kidnapped him and turned him into a werewolf. You can imagine my surprise and utter disbelief, let me tell you, I've known Scott since we were toddlers and I've never seen him so frantic, but I still didn't believe him. I mean, come on, *werewolves?!'*"

Derek just hums his affirmative, content in letting the boy finish his rant. It's quite enjoyable just watching those long, softly toned arms gesture wildly, as those beautiful lips form words. Derek could happily sit back and just observe all evening.

"It wasn't until I saw the eyes that I actually believed at least something in what he was saying might be true. Not that Scott is untrustworthy, I trust him with my life but, well, he can get a bit overdramatic."

Derek huffs a laugh at that, remembering with a weird sort-of fondness his new pack mate's behaviour upon awakening.

"Did you really kidnap him?" Stiles asks after a beat of silence.

"What? No. Of course not." Derek answers indignantly.

Derek is a lot of things but seriously, kidnapping? What the fuck?

Stiles' face takes on a relieved expression.

"I didn't think so. I just had to ask. So... then..." Stiles lets out a long exhale instead of finishing his sentence, letting his head fall into his hands, but Derek is sure he knows what the question is going to be.

"You want to know why Peter bit him." It isn't a question. It's obvious; the kid is as curious as they come. Lord knows he's already proved that numerous times before.

Stiles lifts his head and instead of answering just nods, not letting his gaze fall from Derek's. Derek isn't sure he can cope with that kind of intimacy, not with this conversation, so he stands and leans over against the adjacent wall instead.

"I found him in the woods. He had been looking for his inhaler, but I didn't know that at the time. All I knew was that he couldn't catch his breath, and he was alone in the middle of the preserve."

Stiles watches Derek intently, saying nothing.

"I didn't know what to do. Wolves don't get ill or sick, so this kind of thing was alien to me, I tried to comfort him as best I could, but nothing was working. So, I called Peter."

Derek can't look at Stiles, doesn't want to see whatever look is on his face. Probably disgust at Derek being such an idiot. He doesn't even bother sniffing the air to give him any clues on what Stiles is feeling, he's sure the boy will not be shy in voicing his opinions when Derek is finished.

Derek deliberately skips the parts where he had broken down. The boy doesn't need to hear any of that. Derek doesn't want to show himself as even weaker than he probably already is.

"By the time Peter got to him, he said it was a lost cause. That the boy's lungs had failed him, his heartbeat was so faint that not even your hospital's machines could have brought him back."

Derek hears a sharp intake of breath and forces himself to look at Stiles. He regrets it right away. He can see that the boy's whiskey brown orbs are wet with unshed tears. The teen is trying to hold back, no doubt not wanting to cry in front of practically a stranger, but Derek can still see the upset in his eyes.

Derek's wolf whimpers at seeing his mate's sadness; all he wants is to pull the boy into his embrace and comfort him until he forgot all about it.

Stiles has his head bowed slightly, probably trying to hide his emotions even more but he can see clearly the moment the boy senses Derek is looking at him, he lifts his head once again and bores his gaze straight into Derek's soul.

"You saved his life." Stiles is so sure in that statement, Derek detects no hint of him believing otherwise. He isn't sure what to say.

"I... I should have done more. Before it got that far."

He is still intent on beating himself up about not getting the boy to a hospital sooner. Despite Peter insisting it would not have made a difference, Derek can't brush off the feeling that he is only saying that to stop Derek from feeling guilty. Too late for that.

"I am going to throttle that buffoon when I next see him." Stiles says after a second of silence, Derek looks up from where he is staring at the pattern on the rug below his feet. Stiles' amused tone confusing him.

The boy is smiling. Albeit, his eyes are still glassy, but he just wipes his hand across them and turns his attention back to Derek, obvious amusement written across his face.

"I... I don't follow?"

"You saved his goddamn stupid-ass life. He always did have a penchant for the dramatics, but this just takes the biscuit. He left before I could get the full story out of him. All I was told was that he woke up in some apartment he didn't recognise with you, who he had seen before, and some random-ass dude saying he was an Alpha werewolf, with the addition of claws and fangs. He said that you kidnapped him and made him into a wolf and he didn't know why. Then he showed me his eyes before bolting it out my window. That's why I came here—to get answers. At least more than what he had given me anyways." Stiles explains.

"He wouldn't calm down when he woke up; Peter decided it was best to let him cool down. The pull to your Alpha is too strong to ignore for long so Peter is under no illusion that Scott will come back before the full moon. We tried to explain things. Well, Peter did, but he wouldn't listen. Just got frightened whenever we approached him. I wanted to go after him, the threat of our kind being found out is already too high, and I didn't want him running around drawing attention to himself. A new wolf can be a dangerous thing. It's not his fault, it's just a lot to process. All the changes. Peter was confident that he wouldn't tell anyone, would most likely go to you or cower until he could no longer ignore the urge to come back." Derek hadn't noticed he is pacing until he stops talking and looks up to see he's in a different spot than he had been before.

Stiles is watching his every move.

Derek exhales as quietly as he can and slumps back against the wall. Arms crossed over his chest.

"He's an idiot," The boy smiles again "but don't worry. Peter was right in his assumption. I text him earlier before I came here, once I had actually woken up properly, and asked if he had done anything stupid to which he said no, that he has just locked himself in his room. I told him to stay there until I came around later. So, don't worry. I'll make sure he doesn't draw attention to himself. Or *you*. I'll try to convince him to wise up and actually come here to talk to you; I think it's probably the best for him."

"Why?" The word is out of Derek's mouth before he has even processed that his lips are open.

"Why what?"

Derek isn't really sure. Why are you so cavalier about this? Why are you not angry with me? Why are you still sitting here looking at me like I'm not a predator? Why-

"I could be lying to you. We *could* have kidnapped your friend. It would have been quite simple

actually. But you've chosen to believe me. Why?"

Stiles assesses Derek for a second. He is probably rolling the question around in his head before answering.

"Since I have met you, I don't think even in all our conversations that we have had put together would amount to the number of words that came out of your mouth just then. Correct me if I am wrong but had you wanted to lie to me, you probably would have said it in a lot less words. I, for one, ramble quite a bit when I am lying, it's an obvious tell, I actually ramble most of the time, when I'm nervous, scared... anyway, my point is that you are the complete opposite. You don't talk a lot, and not very often, but when you do, there is no reason for the words that come out of your mouth to be a lie. You'd rather just not say anything if that be the case."

Derek isn't exactly sure at what point Stiles had stood up. Or when he had walked his way across the room. Or at what point he had entered Derek's space and is close enough that he can feel his breath on his face as he speaks.

Derek had been too focused on his words. Had been lulled into a state of mindlessness by the way Stiles describes him. Like he knows him. He is the Sherriff's son, so Derek is under no illusion that he has learnt a few tricks of the trade over the years. Derek even remembers the boy mentioning the other day in his drunken state that he's love to study psychology at University, and Derek can see at this moment that it would suit him well. But, the fact that he has managed to get this close to him without him being aware is sort of unnerving. Pray to the Gods that he isn't losing his control. Not again.

Derek also notices the teen's voice has dropped in the last few sentences—slowing down on every few words or so.

"That, and also the fact you knew about Scott's asthma. Not many people do, so..." Stiles' trails off on that train of speech. Derek can now see that the blacks of his eyes have blown wide.

"I've figured you out, Derek Hale" His name dripping off his mate's tongue like fucking molasses. "and to answer your question directly, it's because I trust you. God forgive any lapse in judgement I may have, but there's just something about you, and I just don't... think... you... would ever... hurt me." Stiles' lips are a hair's breadth away from Derek's, one slight twitch from either of them will have them touching.

Derek knows his eyes flash blue the moment he feels the ghosting touch of Stiles lips against his, the sweet smell of *mate* consuming all his senses.

Quicker than he can comprehend, he has his hands fisted in the boy's shirt, switching their positions and slamming the boy against the wall with enough force to startle him, but only for a second.

"I'd be careful when baiting a wolf, Stiles. I could very easily rip your throat out... with my teeth." He whispers into the boy's neck, as he lets his fangs skim over the long, pale expanse of skin there.

It's taking everything in him not to mark that gorgeous milky flesh, to just close his mouth over his throat and suck until the most delicious coloured bruises form under his lips. He's pretty confident the boy would let him, but he can wait. Wait until he has him begging for it.

Derek doesn't fail to notice the shudder that runs through the teen's body. Nothing but the scent of pure desire drifting off him.

He lets his head roll back, giving Derek more access to run his stubble across his delicate skin. Not

that the teen knows this, but it gives Derek more room to scent him. To make him smell like *mine*.

"Is that a promise?" It comes out no more than a whisper, but Derek doesn't fail to detect the hint of sark behind the boy's evident desperation. Teenage hormones and all that.

Derek sucks in a breath and lifts his gaze to look directly at Stiles. At the boy's smug grin, his wolf lets out a low rumbling growl in the back of his throat. Relishing in the small whimper coming from his mate.

"You're going to be the death of me." Is all he says before crashing their mouths together.

It's hungry. Frantic. *Fierce*. Much like their first kiss but somehow more urgent. More primal. No matter how many times he has tried to remember, nothing compares to hearing first-hand the beautiful sounds that escape his mate's mouth, sounds that he greedily devours with his lips and chases with his tongue.

Derek slips one of his hands into the boy's hair, curling his fingers around a few strands and pulling, not enough to hurt but enough to make his intentions clear. This clever boy follows the gesture obediently, tilting his head back for Derek to have better access to his mouth. His other hand grabs a handful of the boy's ass, pulling him in closer, so there's not even a hint of space left between them.

Stiles breaks the kiss momentarily to let out a soft moan, the friction against his cock too much to ignore. His breathing is laboured, already panting with need. His lips bright red and swollen from Derek's primal ministrations.

Derek takes the opportunity to focus his attention back on his mate's throat, his jaw, his collarbone, just any sliver of skin he can reach without having to separate their bodies. Nipping and licking anything that is bare to him. He wants to taste every inch of this boy, to take him apart with his mouth, piece by precious piece until he is a trembling mess beneath him. He wants to know every crease and crevice that he has to touch to make him shake; he wants to hear every single sound and know exactly what he needs to do to coax them out.

"But he's a minor."

Derek tenses up at the voice in his head.

Shit.

He can't be doing this; he had promised himself he would wait. The kiss the other night had been a step too far, he had needed it to satiate his wolf and had thought it had been enough, but right now, he can feel his control slipping. Can hear his wolf chanting *matebreedclaim*. He has to stop this before it gets to the point of no return.

"We can't." Derek forces through his teeth. His head slumping forward onto Stile's shoulder. He makes no move to break apart, but the grip of his fists loosens, making it clear that he is no longer holding Stiles in place.

Stiles doesn't say anything. Just lets out a sharp exhale and thumps his head back on the wall. His hands are still on Derek's waist, holding him close but the grip has softened at Derek's stopping.

"And why would that be?" He says it with as much casualness as he can muster, but Derek can hear the disappointment. The hurt.

Derek lifts his head. The last thing he wants is for Stiles to think this is because of him. Well, it is

because of his age, but it isn't because of *him*. He has no idea how much Derek wants him. How close he is to ruining the very concept of sex with anyone else for him in this very moment. He wants to destroy any possibility of this boy ever even thinking of anyone else's hands on him, their mouth, their body.

But he shouldn't. He won't.

Not yet.

"Stiles... you're 17." He tries his best to convey the importance of that in his tone through his expression. His eyes lock on Stiles', his hand that had been in the boy's hair now cupping his jaw.

"Little bit late to be taking the moral high ground, don't you think?" It's said with a laugh, a sad thing but Derek can see that he isn't mad. Just disappointed. Derek can live with that, as long as he doesn't feel rejected. Unwanted. That is so far from the truth.

"Probably. But, with the things I was planning on doing to you, I think it's pretty safe to say, I'm more of a saint now than I would have been by the end of the night."

Stiles groans.

"*Dude*, don't stop me halfway to orgasm and then say shit like that when you have made it clear you will not be going any further. No fair." His voice is back to normal now—if not a few octaves higher. He is pouting—just one more adorable feature of his.

"Halfway?" Derek teases with a smirk, one that possibly resembles too much like one of Peters.

"I'm a teenager. *And* a virgin. It doesn't take much." He admits, and Derek sees the moment he registers what he has just said. His eyes close in a distinct "*did I honestly just say that?*" motion and his lips forming a thin line as if it will stop him saying anything further.

That wonderful pink tinge is back across his cheeks too; it goes well with the stubble burn he has across his throat.

Derek chuckles then leans in to place a soft, chaste kiss on the corner of the boy's mouth. Then moves his lips towards his ear, lowering his voice to a purr.

"I'll keep that in mind."

It's at that moment that Peter decides to ascend the stairs to their top floor apartment. Derek growls low in his throat, moving away from Stiles in an instant when his uncle slides open the door without as much as a courtesy knock.

"Now, now, Derek. Had I suspected anything to be going on, I never would have come in, but I see you have either already gotten it out of your system or are not bothering, so, I'd rather not be exiled from my own home longer than necessary."

"You were listening." Derek grits out through teeth that are too long to be human when a gentle hand cups his face.

"Hey, wolfy. It's okay." Stiles' voice is soft. Careful. Calming. Derek has never felt his rage dissipate so fast in as long as he can remember.

A single touch from his mate has grounded him more swiftly than any soothing gesture from his mother, or his Alpha. It renders him speechless.

"As much as I like to tease you about your sex life, dear Nephew, or lack thereof, I'd really rather not listen in on it. I may be a kinky bastard, but I'm not a pervert." His uncle says as he places some bags on the floor beside the door. Groceries.

Stiles laughs at his uncle's statement. Derek thinks if given the chance these two could probably get along very easily. With what little he knows of Stiles' style of humour, it isn't that different to Peter's sarcastic persona. No doubt, in time, they will form a pact and strive to make his life a living hell.

"Well, you didn't miss much anyway, but I'm sure we can let you know the next time we decide to hook up. How does next Friday suit you both?" Stiles throws back. This bold little shit is never going to be boring, that's for sure.

Derek can see Peter's lips curl in an impressed smile. He's sold.

"I have a feeling, dear boy, that we will get along just splendidly." They share a knowing smirk, an acceptance in Peter's language.

Peter has many different smiles, smirks and expressions that to the untrained eye may look the same but to Derek, who has known Peter long enough to be able to decipher each one, they all have their own meaning. Since wolves have heightened senses, they are rather good at reading expressions. Talking without words. Derek concludes that Stiles may not be so different, the animation in his expressions make it quite easy to tell his emotion, even without werewolf senses. After the decoding he did of Derek's inability to lie to him earlier, he's sure the boy will be an expert at reading people as well as any wolf.

"Well, it was very nice meeting you both. Meeting you again? Oh, you know what I mean. I'm gonna head home, and I'll see you later? Or not. Whatever." He's rambling again. "Bye."

He gives an awkward half-wave then turns to leave, but Derek grabs his wrist before he gets too far and pulls him back to him. At Stiles' startled gasp he smiles fondly while moving his free hand to the back of the boy's head, gently he closes the distance between them until his lips press against his mates, one last time. A promise.

"I'll see you later, Stiles." Derek speaks against his mouth once he's pulled back. Letting his hands fall from their places on the teen before taking a step back, giving him the space to refocus.

"Yeah. Okay." Is all the boy can muster before turning on his heel and leaving, giving Peter a nod before sliding the door closed behind him.

Derek watches him leave with a longing that he feels deep in the pit of his stomach. His wolf is howling at him to chase after his mate, but he ignores its call.

"I don't know what you were worrying about, dear nephew." Peter begins and with Derek's hum to continue, he adds; "Your control is absolutely impeccable if you are even able to consider letting that beauty leave here with an obviously *very* painful hard-on."

Derek rolls his eyes and puffs out an exaggerated breath, but there's no heat behind the gesture.

"Don't be shy, uncle. Say what you feel. Please, don't hold back on my account." Derek offers dryly, giving his uncle a pointed look.

"What did I tell you about sarcasm, Derek?"

Peter points his finger at him accusingly (Derek can't help but grin at that) then proceeds to pick up

the groceries and strut himself through to the kitchen.

Derek stands in his spot for a little while longer, just staring at the door. Part of him wishing the boy will come back, will knock on the door any second or just walk in without any warning. But, he knows that won't happen. He had heard the tyres of the boy's jeep run over the gravel in the car park outside.

He is gone.

Well, for now at least.

Chapter End Notes

Warning:

More kissing. Stiles is still 17, so if this bothers you, please don't read.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

His whole body freezes in an instant as his mate's heartbeat picks up speed.

How the fuck he is able to even hear anything over the noise pumping away in his ears is just more proof that Derek's life is a goddamn comedy special.

Chapter Notes

I will start by saying I am very sorry for how long this has taken to update. I lost interest for a while cause I struggle like shit to write smut and to be honest, it's a real weak point for me. I just gave up trying basically, but I have been hit with a random wave of creativity, so I am going to try my best to get this and my Steter fic completed in the next few weeks.

I have, unfortunately, been sent home from work today for God knows how long until this whole shitstorm blows over, so, I may have 12 weeks of doing absolutely nothing apart from finishing my writings.

I hope you enjoy this chapter as I really did try my best; it may not be great, so please be gentle with me—I am learning. It is very short, and basically just smut because I decided to split it into two. I have a feeling the next chapter is going to be quite long with a lot happening in it, so I didn't want to make it any longer by merging it with this one—even though it kind of fits in.

There are a few warnings in the endnotes but nothing spectacular, just caution.

Thank you for sticking with me!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Derek couldn't confidently tell anyone who asks at what point he thought it acceptable to be standing outside a minors open window with every intention of crawling through it.

He could quite possibly blame it all on Peter. The older wolf hasn't stopped with his encouragements ever since the boy had left The Loft earlier that day. He can't quite grasp the concept that Derek is planning on waiting to do anything remotely sexual with the teen until he is of legal age. The fact that Peter is so reluctant to agree with Derek's plan should probably worry him more than it does. Peter is harmless, but he definitely isn't budging with his "*fuck the consequences*" attitude.

Peter has spent the entire afternoon weighing up the pros and cons of Derek just having his way with the boy like he knows he so desperately wants too—thanks for that assessment, Uncle.

Derek is more than pretty sure that there are more cons on that list than pros, but Peter is adamant

not to let that deter his argument for the cause. The man has taken it upon himself to be Derek's wingman—something Derek isn't even dignifying with a reaction; he doesn't need help getting laid, *thankyouverymuch*.

Derek fought his corner valiantly—well, he had tried to. But when one's wolf is agreeing with everything his Alpha is saying, it's a lost cause—it's pretty tricky winning a war against just one enemy, so two is just a ball ache.

To be fair to him, Peter made a rather convincing argument, but he always does. He's a master manipulator; he has no trouble conning people into not only believing his every word but also making them think that they were the ones who came up with the idea in the first place. It's what keeps him out of the brunt of problems he faces daily. Being the Alpha of the most prestigious pack in Beacon Hills means he has his fair share of trouble that he has to charm his way out of.

At the end of the day, had Derek been a better man he would have had no issue practising what he preaches but that's the majority of the problem, he isn't a better man nor, as it appears, is he a particularly good one.

That, along with all his uncles nagging, is primarily the reason why he is now preparing himself to take the two-storey leap into his mate's bedroom.

Derek makes the jump with no issue and minimal sound. He is light on his feet; it's one of the many perks of being a born wolf—you are usually more graceful in everything you do.

He perches himself on the window ledge. His mate is currently sitting at his desk on the opposite side of the room—his back to Derek and the window—so it gives Derek the perfect opportunity to lower himself into the room without being detected. Not that he wants to surprise his mate, or act the creeper more than necessary, he just wants the chance to watch him for a little while before interrupting what looks to be a very intense study session.

The boy has headphones on—David Bowie's Blue Jean blaring into his ears—which gives Derek the cover he needs just to observe.

Had Derek not already known it, he would have seen at this moment exactly how expressive the teen actually is. His face is contorting into every manner of expression as he scrolls through page after page on the internet, occasionally stopping to write down the odd bit of information into his notebook.

The odd curse and litany of hum's and ha's spill from his lips when he doesn't understand something or is in awe of what he has found.

Derek can't see what exactly he's looking up, but it must be interesting.

He decides to move away from the window, stalking his way around the room, keeping to the shadows mostly by coincidence as he eyes his surroundings.

The place is a mess—clothes littering the floor, an assortment of books laying open and scattered in no particular order across the entire space. But that doesn't deter Derek because no matter the state of the place, the air is a thick, comforting blanket of *mate*.

His nostrils flare at the scent; breathing in as much of the sweet aroma as his lungs can cope with, letting it overpower his wolves' constant thrum of need—of desperate want.

It calms the primal urge inside him to just take. But he can't lie, from the closeness of his mate and the honeyed sweetness of his scent, a spark of desire flames deep in his gut burning its way down

in a steady hum—straight to his cock.

Crash.

Derek's attention snaps to the lamp lying shattered at his feet. In his lack of concentration, he has walked right into the chest of drawers against the wall, obviously hard enough to render the lamp no longer capable of staying upright.

His whole body freezes in an instant as his mate's heartbeat picks up speed.

How the fuck he is able to even hear anything over the noise pumping away in his ears is just more proof that Derek's life is a goddamn comedy special.

Stiles rips off his headphones before turning his chair (almost comically slow) toward the culprit of the sound.

Derek braces himself.

Three...Two...One...

"WHAT THE FUCK?!"

The scream that follows is not unlike the one from their first encounter in the woods, but with the space around them being a lot more confined, it batters through Derek's eardrums like a goddamn motherfucker.

"Stiles! Mother of the Gods, stop screeching!" Derek hisses through clenched teeth as his hands do their best to protect his hearing from the brunt the blast.

He stumbles forward, chasing after the dim light in the centre of the room in hopes of better illuminating his familiar features.

"*Derek?!* " Stiles questions. "Are you fucking- Are you trying to give me a goddamn heart attack? Jesus, Mary and Joseph, you absolute dickhead!"

The noise has stopped at least, but the boy is making a show of still not using his inside voice.

"Stiles, calm down. Look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." Derek offers, trying to appease the terrified teen.

"Didn't mean to- Really, Derek? *Really?* What exactly did you think would happen when you snuck in here and crept around in the shadows like a... like a fucking creeper?" Stiles' heartbeat is through the roof, and he is clutching his chest like the speed of it is physically hurting him.

"I'm sorry. I... don't know what I was thinking. I sometimes forget that humans don't have the same senses. I just wanted to... Oh, I dunno. I'm sorry." Derek runs his hand over the back of his neck.

Is he nervous? Embarrassed? Hell, this is new.

A few seconds of silence pass between them. Stiles puts his head in his hands as he works on catching his breath. His heart has slowed considerably, and he no longer looks as if he's about to skin Derek alive, so that has to be a plus.

Stiles drops his hands, looking up at Derek without really lifting his head.

"Look, I'm not mad that you came by... but just so you know, for future reference, I have this

wonderful invention called a *front door*. It has a bell and everything; it's magical really. So, yeah, just use that... *please*. For the sake of my heart if nothing else."

Derek rolls his eyes at the teen's quip, but he can't help the curl that graces his lips as he nods his affirmative at the idea—not failing to notice the "*for future*" in there.

"And I'm sorry for shouting at you and calling you an idiot."

"You didn't call me an idiot." Derek deadpans.

"Didn't I?" Stiles looks confused and a little mortified.

"Nope, you called me a dickhead and a creeper, but never said anything about an idiot... But thanks anyway." Derek shrugs.

He isn't going to argue, he may not feel like the creeper part is strictly true, but the rest he can agree with.

"Oh. Well, I'm sorry." Stiles says genuinely, not looking at Derek but instead at his feet. "I just didn't expect to see you again." He admits as he runs his fingers through his hair. "Not so soon, anyway."

Derek isn't sure what to say to that. His mate doesn't smell disappointed with his presence, quite the opposite actually. Now that his fear has dissipated, he just seems his usual anxious self but with an undertone of excitement: hope and curiosity.

"Do you want me to leave?"

"What? No. No, please stay." With how quickly he snaps his head up to look at Derek, and the shaking in his legs, it seems as if he's about to tackle Derek to keep him here. "I... I mean, that's if you want to. I don't want to forc—"

"I wouldn't have come here in the first place if I didn't want to be, Stiles." Derek interrupts before the boy can work himself up.

"Okay... good." A blinding smile lights up the boy's face as if Derek has just given him the whole world.

Derek indulges him with a smile back.

"So, what... what can I help you with? I mean, why are you here?" Stiles asks after a beat.

Derek isn't entirely prepared for that question; it's not that he doesn't know why he's here. He just doesn't want to straight-up admit that it's because he is hoping for his mate to ride him until he passes out.

"What are you researching?"

Good save, Hale.

"Oh... erm. Well, I thought I'd do some research into the supernatural. Werewolves, really. I'm not sure how much of this is bullshit and how much may be accurate, but I just wanted to write down some stuff at least so I could... I dunno... ask you or Peter questions, maybe?" The boy asks sheepishly as if Derek will ever deny him the knowledge. "I just wanted to know you better. I'd... I'd like to know more about you." It's said almost at a whisper, but Derek hears.

His mate wants to know *him*.

"Either of us would be more than willing to help you." The smile he gets for that is worth the no doubt countless hours he will now spend answering all of his mates' most inane questions. "But, you may want to give up with Google. Most of what you find on there is just fairy tale, some of it can be somewhat stretched versions of the truth, but you are better with books. If you truly want to know more about our kind, and many other things supernatural, then I can lend you some of the tomes from our family vault. As long as you promise to take care of them, they are ancient."

"Oh my god, *really*?" Stiles almost screeches. "Yes, I... I promise. Thank you. A thousand times, thank you. You would honestly do that? I mean, won't Peter mind?"

The boy is now standing, his excitement taking control of his limbs.

"Peter likes you. He's already convinced you are halfway to being part of the pack so no, he won't mind. He's just the same as you; he will do almost anything for the chance to learn new things, even though he thinks he already knows everything." Derek huffs out a laugh, Peter really is a know-it-all but with good reason—it's sometimes infuriating.

Stiles is looking at Derek like he can't believe how lucky he is. At this moment, Derek promises to do everything in his power to see that expression on his mates face as often as possible.

"He... he thinks I'm *pack*?"

Derek's shoulder tense. Shit, has he said too much? He doesn't speak, just nods.

"That's... wow. I'm honoured, but... I'm human?"

"Humans can be pack too. It's just a bit more *complicated*, but... it still happens. Occasionally and under certain circumstances." Derek answers, trying to keep his tone casual so as not to overwhelm the boy.

The teen just smiles, nodding in understanding.

"Okay. Well... thank you. That... that means a lot." He breathes out a laugh like he still isn't sure whether this is all a dream or a reality.

It's as if this whole situation is the craziest thing he has ever encountered. Well, it probably is, but he still doesn't seem reluctant. If anything he is even keener now than he had been back at The Loft.

Never once has he displayed anything other than acceptance. He has just found out that werewolves are real and he just seems to be taking it in his stride. Instead of the usual shouting and screaming and maybe even running away, he is sitting in his room researching as much as he can on Derek's kind and not shying away from the possibility of learning more from an actual source. Most people would have run for the hills by now, or in Derek's experience, murdered his entire family, but Stiles isn't even remotely like that.

Stiles is kind and funny and loving and just perfect. While he may lack some serious self-preservation skills, he has a heart of gold—not *silver*.

He's everything Kate will never be, and more. He's pure and good.

He. Is. Not. Kate.

A low rumbling growl vibrates through him. He will not let this boy slip through his fingers, even if it kills him. Stiles is his true mate, and he'll be damned if he pushes him away with his own stupidity.

This night, he intends to make his intentions crystal clear.

Derek crosses the room in no more than three strides. He pulls his mate to his chest and swallows any squeal of surprise that may have fallen from the boy's mouth.

He will never get tired of this; the taste is intoxicating.

Stiles is the antidote to the poison that is his desperate desire.

"Wait." Stiles gasps out, already sounding breathless.

Derek pauses in his ministrations instantly, his body flinching backwards as if burned. His control is slipping, he's close to vibrating out of his skin, but if the teen isn't ready, he will force himself to leave now while he still has some form of wits about him.

"What's wrong, did I hurt you?" Derek searches the boy's face for any signs of discomfort. "Look, if you aren't ready for this, I can—"

"No, no." Stiles interrupts, quick to assure him. "I just... I just don't want you to stop again. Like last time." His voice is quiet, almost a whisper but Derek can still make out the pleading tone.

Derek isn't about to disappoint the boy.

"Oh, baby, I don't plan on stopping." He croons as his hand cups the side of the boy's throat, his thumb tipping his chin upwards, so the teen has no choice but to look at Derek while he speaks. "I intend to kiss you until you can barely breathe." He brings his lips down close to his mate's, not close enough to touch but close enough for his breath to ghost hot and insistent over the boy's swollen mouth. "To tease you with my mouth and teeth until you *beg* me to let you come." Stiles lets out something close to a whine and doesn't that just snap the very last of Derek's resolve.

"Gods Stiles..." Derek growls.

He presses his body even closer to the teen, his thigh now placed between the boy's legs—trapping him against the wall. He takes each of the boy's wrists in his hands and pins them at each side of his head.

"I don't want to stop until your body is trembling beneath me." He lets his eyes bleed their inhuman Beta blue. His next few words are slurred out between teeth that are just a little too sharp to be human. "I. Want. To. Take. You. Apart."

For a second, Derek thinks he has broken the human. In the months he's known the teen, he has never had him speechless. Who'd have thought it possible?

"Fuuuuuck." All the breath Stiles has been holding leaves his lungs at once. "This can't be real."

"Oh, it's very real, and all I need is your consent, and we can get started." Derek stares at the boy, mouth so close to his mate's lips that he can almost taste the rich, musky scent rolling off him.

But he won't touch, not until he gets an affirmative.

"I... yes. Yes, let's do that." Stiles breathes out as he nods his head frantically.

Stiles closes the gap once again between their mouths, licking his way past Derek's lips in an uncoordinated battle for contact—and that's all the permission Derek needs to finally let go.

Derek puts everything he has into this kiss, proving to the boy that he has no plan on stopping; tongue plundering as he swallows down all the desperate noises his mate makes. A carnal need to map out every crevice of the boy's mouth overwhelming his senses.

It doesn't take long before the teen is breaking his lips away, taking in desperate gulps of air, panting breathlessly. Derek can't help the smug grin he hides against his mate's neck.

He presses his leg in tighter to the boy's body, revelling in the guttural moan that he gets for giving him some much-needed friction against his straining cock.

Derek releases the boy's wrists to grab onto his ass, pulling and encouraging the teen to rut against him. He smiles as his mate, without a second thought, starts rolling his hips—rocking into Derek eagerly with his head thrown back in pleasure. Giving Derek much better access to his throat.

"Can I mark you?" Derek asks as he plants gentle kisses along the flesh he so desperately wants to turn a beautiful shade of purple.

"God, yes." Stiles groans, the delicious scent of his arousal hitting Derek at full force. "Bite me, bruise me, mark me; I don't care."

Derek rumbles low in his throat. His mate likes it rough—likes it *hard*. Derek will have no problem complying.

"Oh, sweet boy, you are so fucking perfect for me." Derek purrs as he latches his mouth onto his neck, almost possessively.

Derek closes his lips over Stiles' pulse-point, where the mating bite will be and sucks a livid bruise into the pale skin. The boy whines and Derek can smell his cock leaking in his jeans.

He should probably be taking this slow. Be gentle and loving. Take his mate apart at a glacial pace until he's a whimpering, sobbing mess beneath him, but at this point, they are both too riled up for that.

This moment calls for quick and dirty, a release from all the pent up frustration—all the unresolved sexual tension. There will always be next time and, of course, the *claiming*—the night when he plans to fuck his mate until he can't walk. Until the only word he can confidently remember is Derek's name. But tonight isn't the night for that; tonight is about showing Stiles that he wants him, that he desires him above all else.

Derek hopes he has a whole lifetime ahead of him to make love to his mate, but right now, he just wants to see the boy shake with pleasure. Like, *right now*.

Derek slides his hands further down to the boy's thighs and lifts. His werewolf strength taking the weight with ease. Stiles lets out something between a squeal and a grunt—surprised at Derek changing the position—but his body subconsciously gets with the program. He wraps his legs firmly around Derek's waist, holding on tight.

Derek keeps the boy pressed against the wall, enjoying the friction he is now getting against his painfully hard length. He buries his face into the crook of Stiles' shoulder, muffling his groan from the spark of pleasure running through him, right to his toes.

"Tell me what you want." Derek's voice is rough, already wrecked with the all-consuming feeling

of everything that is his mate.

Their scents are mingling in the air, wrapping around him, chocking him with its thick intensity.

"I-" Stiles cuts himself off with a groan as Derek squeezes the soft globes in his hands—wishing with everything that he is that layers of fabric no longer posed a barrier.

Derek takes one hand away from his mate's ass in favour of trailing it over the boy's smooth, lightly toned stomach, feeling the muscles ripple and tense under his touch. He only stops his movement when he reaches his ultimate destination—the delightfully soft nub on his mate's chest.

Stiles cants his hips, arching his back when Derek's fingers lightly caress his nipple. Derek's wolf rumbles in his chest, a deep growl purring under his breath. Gods, does he just want to get his mouth on it; see precisely what sounds he can pull from the boy.

He realises then that nothing is really stopping him. Not anymore.

In an instant he has his mate's t-shirt hiked up with one hand and taking no time to ponder, he dives down and licks a sloppy wet stripe up the teen's bare chest.

Stiles moans wantonly as Derek's tongue skates over his sensitive skin, now desperately rolling his hips—craving as much sensation as possible.

"Derek... Derek, *please*." Derek's wolf preens at the sobbing lilt to his mate's voice.

"What do you need, baby? Tell me." His breath dances over the damp flesh beneath him.

He watches, entranced, as goosebumps begin tingling to the surface, the boy's breath hitching at the tickle of his nipples hardening under Derek's gaze.

"I need... *please*, I need your mouth." Stiles is almost incoherent already, and it makes Derek smirk.

Without any more pre-empting, he takes the rosy pink bud into his mouth and sucks, *hard*. The sound that leaves Stiles' lips is nothing less than pornographic.

As he stays latched onto one, nipping and biting, he trails his hand up the boy's torso to play with the other.

Derek relishes in the litany of curses and broken off versions of his name that follow as he continues to abuse Stiles' nipples until he's sure they are red and swollen.

He has no doubt he can make the boy come just with this, and Gods he is close, Derek can smell it, but not today. Today, Derek won't be content unless the teen's release seeps into his skin, his wolf restless with the need to combine its mate's most concentrated scent with his own. A silent claim.

Stiles whines when Derek moves away from his chest, but it's replaced quickly with a hiss as his shirt drops and falls rough against his bruised skin.

Derek pulls the boy impossibly closer, restricting his mate's movements. He chuckles at Stiles' reaction, his hips fighting frantically, *uselessly*, against Derek's superior strength.

"Please, Derek. Please don't stop, I'm begging you." Stiles whines and if that's not just music to Derek's ears.

"Oh, I know you are, and you are doing it so beautifully, baby, but I want to see your face as you come undone." In one swift movement, he has Stiles' jeans open. "You're so close, aren't you Stiles? Gods, I can smell it on you. So, close to the edge, I can almost taste it. I bet I could have gotten you there with just biting and kissing you, huh? Could have had you writhing and trembling without even touching your cock."

"Please."

Who's Derek to deny such pretty pleas?

He slides one hand over his boy's boxers, palming the twitching bulge through the fabric. He moves his hand up the clothed shaft, his thumb pressing down on the wet patch at the tip.

"Maybe next time I'll take you apart slowly." Derek continues as he watches Stiles quiver with his teasing, shaking with his need to come. "Touch and taste every part of you, tease you until you can't take anymore; until you're sobbing. But not right now, no, right now I need to feel you... need to *see* you" Derek leans his hips back a little to give himself more room to get his hand under the last remaining barrier. "come for me."

As soon as Derek's hand makes firm contact with his hard, weeping length, Stiles comes—Derek's name a breathy moan on his lips.

At feeling the boy's cock pulsing in his palm, Derek groans into Stiles' mouth; the smell of his mate's release, the sight of the boy shivering and the incoherent whimpers push him over the edge.

He will probably be embarrassed about literally coming in his pants later, but right now he can't describe how overwhelming the feeling is being the only one to have ever seen the teen in this state of pure bliss—hopefully, the *only* one—and to be the cause of it.

As Stiles trembles through his orgasm, his sinful mouth falls open in a silent scream—finally unable to form words. Derek watches his face, slack and washed out with pleasure as he rubs his hand gently over the still twitching length—milking his mate for everything he has.

When the teen whines from overstimulation, only then does he ease up, but he doesn't take his hand away entirely, he just allows himself a moment to breathe through his own tremors.

"I'm sorry."

Derek snaps his head up from where he let it loll onto his mate's shoulder.

"What for?" Derek asks, confused and a little startled.

"I couldn't last." Stiles admits, his face reddening with the tell-tale signs of embarrassment but Derek assumes he is too high on euphoria to actually care about it.

Derek breathes out a sigh of relief, chuckling as he does so.

"Oh baby, you don't ever have to apologise for that." He kisses the side of his mate's lax mouth, soft and tender. "You never have to apologise for anything like that."

Stiles smiles; dopey and sex drunk.

Derek slowly, carefully, takes his hand out of Stiles' jeans and holds the glistening digits up into view.

Before Stiles can protest, Derek brings his palm up to his mouth and takes a hearty lick up his palm. His wolf purrs, delighted with the salty tang bursting across his tongue as he greedily sucks every drop of release off his fingers.

Stiles makes a choked noise in the back of his throat, and Derek doesn't miss the renewed scent of arousal washing off him.

"That... that should not be as hot as it is." Stiles groans, watching Derek with something close to awe.

"You taste incredible." Derek moans, an entirely too wolfish grin across his face.

"Derek, I know that I am a teenager, with a teenager's libido but Christ, you're killing me here. Give me a chance to regenerate before you start doing, *and saying*, shit like that." Stiles huffs—it's adorable.

"Well, you're obviously not in too much need of regeneration if you can still talk in complete sentences." Derek comments, raising his eyebrow accusingly.

"Yeah, you'll have to fuck me into the mattress before you ever even hope to render me *completely* speechless." Stiles chuckles, throwing Derek a playful wink.

Derek's eyes flash blue as he once again presses his body firmly against Stiles', slamming his wrists against the plaster in a tight grip. His teeth sharpen at the implication of Stiles wanting to be fucked. His claws extending; giving the boy a brief scratch as they hold him in place.

His mate's eyes widen at Derek's sudden movements, breath catching in his throat as Derek traces his fangs across the vulnerable skin at his throat.

"Next time..." Derek brings his mouth close to the boy's ear. "I will do exactly that."

Chapter End Notes

Small warning:

The whole age thing from previous chapters I mentioned is more relevant here as Derek pretty much just fucks off his whole moral high ground thing in this chapter.

Let me know if I've missed any tags or warnings.

I really hope you liked it!

End Notes

I don't have a set schedule for updating this so I wouldn't watch it too closely. I have a full-time job, and this is just something I do when I have spare time (which isn't often). I'm also awful for getting writer's block or just genuinely becoming uninterested, but I promise I will

finish it eventually—it might just take forever and a fortnight! I'd recommend just looking back every so often to check for updates if this story interests you and not get too invested to the point of expecting regular posts.

Not sure if I really need to disclaim this but I'll mention it anyway:

I don't own anything to do with Teen Wolf, I am just borrowing characters, plot lines, location names etc and putting them into my own stories. This is just a bit of a hobby for me, I'm obviously not a professional writer or anything of the sort, I am just doing this for practice and because I actually enjoy it (and I hope you do too).

Thank you so much for reading!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!